THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATU[RDAY], 1856.

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THE CONQUEST OF FINLAND.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

[A late letter from England, in the Friend's Review, says:—"Joseph Sturge, with a companion, Thomas Harvey, has been visiting the shores of Finland, to ascertain the amount of mischief and loss to poor and peaceable sufferers, occasioned by the gun-boats of the Allied squadrons in the late war, with a view to obtaining relief for them."]

Across the frozen marshes
The winds of autumn blow,
And the fen-lands of the Wetter
Are white with early snow.

But where the low, gray headlands,
Look o'er the Baltic brine,
A bark is sailing in the track
Of England's battle-line.

No wares hath she to barter
For Bothnia's fish and grain;
She saileth not for pleasure,
She saileth not for gain.

But, still by isle or mainland,
She drops her anchor down,
Where'er the British cannon
Rained fire on tower and town.

Out spake the ancient Amptman,
At the gate of Helsingfors:
"Why comes this ship a-spying
In the track of England's wars?"

"God bless her," said the coast-guard,
"God bless the ship, I say.
The holy angels trim the sails
That speed her on her way!

"Where'er she drops her anchor,
The peasant's heart is glad;
Where'er she spreads her parting sail,
The peasant's heart is sad.

"Each wasted town and hamlet
She visits to restore;
To roof the shattered cabin,
And feed the starving poor.

"The sunken hosts of fishers,
The foraged beeves and grain,
The spoil of flake and storehouse,
The good ship brings again.

"And so to Finland's sorrow
The sweet amend is made,
As if the healing hand of Christ
Upon her wounds were laid!"

Then said the gray old Amptman,
"The will of God be done!
The battle lost by England's hate,
By England's love is won!

"We braved the iron tempest
That thundered on our shore;
But when did kindness fail to find
The key to Finland's door?

"No more from Aland's ramparts
Shall warning signal come,
Nor startled Sweaborg hear again
The roll of midnight drum.

"Beside our fierce Black Eagle
The Dove of Peace shall rest,
And in the mouths of cannon
The sea-bird make her nest.

"For Finland, looking seaward,
No coming foe shall scan;
And the holy bells of Abo
Shall ring, 'Good-will to man!'

"Then row thy boat, oh, fisher!
In peace on lake and bay;
And thou, young maiden, dance again
Around the poles of May!

"Sit down, old men, together,
Old wives, in quiet spin;
Henceforth the Anglo-Saxon
Is the brother of the Finn!"

—*National Era*

Original Story.

ELLEN COMPTON.

THE WHIP OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,

Author of "The Women of the Revolution," &c.

The room was small and had an air of neatness, [t]hough a strip of faded carpeting, a wooden ta[ble], a few rudely made chairs, a chest, and a low [co]uch bed, with several platters and cups of [pe]wter, brightly scoured and arranged on a shelf, [co]mprised the scanty list of articles of furniture. [A] half-dead embers smouldered in the wide [fi]re-place. Upon the couch lay the wasted form [of] a woman, evidently in the last extremity of illness; her breathing was irregular and [la]bored, and she was pale as death; her feeble [ha]nds convulsively clutched the covering, as if [st]riving to obtain relief by muscular effort; her [ey]es wide open, and wandered wildly around [the] room. Close beside her stood Ellen, bending over her with an expression of deep anxiety and anguish, and partly supporting her with her arms; while on the other side two female neighbors stood looking at each other in dismay, as knowing too well that their pity and kindness could be no longer availing. Warrell felt that he was in the presence of death. He forgot his suspicions of Ellen; nay, it seemed to him, in that brief glance, that she was a creature to whom nothing evil could attach itself; so full of innocence and sorrow seemed that tearful face; so graceful that slight bending form. He was about to retire silently, when a faint cry from the expiring sufferer told him she had perceived him; and that she took him for some other person.—With a last effort, she half-raised herself in the bed, and stretched out her hands towards him with a moan of supplication, that drew him instantly to her bedside. Who knows, he thought, but that my aid may be needed? or perhaps she has something to say. He took the white, withered hands in his; the dying woman's eyes, already glazing, were fixed imploringly on his face; her cap had fallen back, and the scanty, snow-white locks, hanging over her pallid cheeks, gave her countenance still more of an unearthly effect. Her lips muttered words incoherently; at length her utterance became more articulate.

"You are not my son," she murmured; "but you will find him, sir, will you not? Tell him—he must not stay away so long. Ellen—my child—"

"Dear grandmother, be comforted," cried the sobbing.

"What is to become of her? she will be alone presently," gasped the old woman; and tears were slowly forcing themselves down her withered cheeks, while she gazed with straining sight into the young man's face. The helpless appeal strongly moved him.

"I will find her friends—I will care for her!" he cried, with an impulse he could not resist.

"Blessing on you!" faltered the dying woman. "Take care—of her—her father—"

Unable to articulate more, she drew nearer Warrell's hand, which she still grasped, joined it with that of Ellen, and murmured: "God bless you!" Then her grasp relaxed; her head fell back; there was a rattling in her throat, followed by a total cessation of breath and motion.

There was silence around the death-bed for a few moments, interrupted only by Ellen's convulsive sobs; and then the two women commenced preparations for laying out the corpse. Warrell offered to escort Ellen home; but she persisted in her resolution of remaining to watch with the dead, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the kind-hearted neighbors; and it was now no time either to urge counsel upon her, or to seek a solution of the mystery that involved her actions. The young officer, accordingly, respectfully took his leave, promising to go to Mr. Billingham's, and inform the family of the death of her relative, in order to account for her not returning that night.

The night seemed fated not to pass without some disastrous event. An alarm and call for the military startled our hero from troubled slumbers; and on hastening into the street he learned that the house of Mr. Billingham had been assaulted and robbed by a company of bandit tories.—On further inquiry, he gained the information that the gates had been forced not long after midnight, and fifteen or twenty men, disguised with paint and charcoal, and armed with various weapons, had rushed in, knocking down the faithful negro, who came from his lodge to inquire what the intruders wanted, and breaking open the doors of the house in front and rear.—The terrified inmates had been driven into one room and locked up, while the plundering was going on; several thousand dollars in current bills, and a considerable amount in specie, had been taken, with a quantity of linen and wearing apparel, and such articles of value as could be easily carried away. The alarm was given to the neighbors by the old servant, who, in a short time after being knocked down, recovered sufficiently from the stunning effects of the blow to run some distance at his best speed, hallooing "fire," "murder," and "robbery!"

The robbers escaped with their booty before assistance came; but the affrighted family, when released from confinement, found that fire had caught from some coals dropped, it was supposed, *in carrying them to light a lamp*; the dining-room was filled with thick smoke, and flames were bursting out. The confusion consequent on this discovery may be imagined. Warrell had the double duty of giving orders to the men, and supporting the courage of Julia, whose terrors were amusingly mingled with anger at what she called her parents' folly in returning home to encounter such outrages. She even reproached her father for his anxiety to leave the capital, "where they had been so safe and happy."

"We will return there, my child," said the feeble old man, still trembling from the shock he had undergone. "Warrell will see to obtaining us a passport, and we will go immediately; for our being here is only a trouble to those who feel it a duty to protect us."

Warrell could not help thinking Julia's eagerness to depart partook more of selfishness than influenced her father's determination; but he promised to assist them to the best of his ability. It was not long before the flames were extinguished, and the members of the family were persuaded to retire to rest; a guard being left to protect the house. Warrell remained, for he could not sleep. A multitude of thoughts, which he found it difficult to reconcile with his sense of right, pressed on his mind. He could not conceal from himself that the idea of Julia's departure was rather a relief to him than a source of pain. Yet, with all her caprice, coquetry and imperious pride, had she merited a withdrawal of his regard altogether? Then came the recollection of the solemn scene he had lately witnessed; the injunction of the dying woman; the touching look of the bereaved and desolate girl, in whom he felt an unaccountable interest—strange as was the mystery about her. Would she go with the Billinghams to Philadelphia? It was much better she should; for then she would be removed from all danger of communication with the country's enemies.

The plans of the family were arranged on the following day, and preparations were commenced to set off without delay; a vessel with a sufficient escort being provided to convey them to the Head of Elk. On inquiring of Miss Billingham about Ellen, Warrell learned with much surprise that she was not to accompany them.

"I have offered to take her," said Julia, "because I knew she had no other home, since her grandmother's death. But she ungratefully refuses to go."

"Refuses? She *must* go! Let me speak with her," cried Warrell.

"Really," said Julia, "it seems a matter of more consequence to you than myself! I employed her out of charity, and shall not miss her services. There she is; you can say what you like, but don't make any promises on my behalf!"

And she walked haughtily from the room.—Ellen was seated at her work in an adjoining apartment. Her deep mourning dress made the paleness of her sad face more remarkable, and when she lifted her eyes in answer to Warrell's salutation, there was in them so touching an expression of grief, that he had it not in his heart to chide her. He only bent over her with an earnest, though kind look, and said,

"Ellen, my good child, you remember your grandmother's last words committed you to my care. I must redeem the promise I gave her; it is most sacred, though she knew not from whom it was exacted. Ellen, you must go to Philadelphia with Mr. Billingham's family."

"I cannot, Major Warrell," she replied, in a low, sad voice.

"You cannot remain here. You have no friends; this is no place for you."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the young girl gently; "I have friends here, and it is my duty not to leave them. It was on that account I came here."

A dark suspicion flitted across Warrell's mind.

"Ellen," he said, in a tone so cold and stern that it visibly startled the girl, "with whom was it you were talking at the gate of your grandmother's house the other night?"

Ellen dropped her work, and her face, before so pale, became deeply crimsoned; but she did not reply.

Warrell continued after a pause:

"I have seen the man before; he is a tory; soldier under Arnold's command; one of our enemies, with whom it is treasonable to hold intercourse. I will not ask you, Ellen, what you could have to say to him, for I see you are determined not to tell me; but I must say that if you remain here, such clandestine meetings must be prevented in future, even if you have to be placed under restraint. If you will go with Miss Billingham—"

"I will not go," she answered in a low and gentle tone, but so decisive, it was plainly to be seen that her resolution was invincible.

"I know, Ellen,"—here the young man hesitated—"that you may have had many things to bear, which may be hard to you—for your bearing and language show that you are above a menial station; but in these times—"

"It is not that, sir, indeed!" said Ellen, somewhat proudly, and rising, "I do not heed such things—or anything that only affects myself. I submitted to all, willingly, cheerfully, for the sake of those who had a right to my love and my labor. One is gone; but my father—I will not leave him! He has no one but me; he may be exposed to dangers; all the world may be against him; his daughter shall not fail in her duty."

Tears gushed freely as she spoke, but she wiped them away, and with an artless expression of confidence, held out her hand to the officer.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness, and most of all, for your forbearance. You may one day know that the kindness was not misplaced, and how grateful we feel to you."

"But why this mystery, Ellen? Where is your father? You do not answer me. Depend upon it, where all is not fair and open, there is something wrong. I think too well of you—at least I would fain do so—to believe you capable of joining in conspiracies; yet—appearances are so strange—Ellen, what am I to think?"

"Do not trouble yourself to think about me at all," answered the girl, with a melancholy smile. As footsteps were then heard approaching in the next apartment, she hastily gathered up her work, and without looking round again, glided from the room. Warrell was more perplexed than ever to account for her singular conduct. It appeared wilful and perverse; yet how could he judge her so, whose nature seemed so gentle, so unselfish, and so full of deep feeling! He did not see her again; but learned a day or two afterwards that she had gone to lodge with a neighbor who had been intimate with her deceased relative. She left the house the very day Mr. Billingham and his family set off for Philadelphia.

On a bright moonlight evening, a party of American soldiers, of which were the two young officers with whom we have already made acquaintance, rode from Annapolis to the bay side some miles down, where they expected to receive General Lafayette on his return. For two days he had been looked for, and the French fleet expected to convoy the army; and the general anxiety to know the result began to partake of apprehension. There was an appearance of uneasiness on many faces in the company; but they would not give utterance to despondency that might depress the hopes of others. So great, too, was their confidence in the ability and prudence of the gallant young Frenchman, that they felt assured they were safe in trusting all with him. Major Warrell spoke cheerily to his companions. He was fain to draw a happy omen from the beauty of the scenery around them; the broad expanse of water, on which streamed a flood of silver light; the shores fringed with tall trees, the gentle slopes and wooded hills, with the white moonbeams resting on the budding foliage that crowned their summits.

"I would give much," said Warrell, as in obedience to the command to halt, the party scattered over a broad space of greensward, sloping by a slow descent to the bay, "if the first order from our general were for the troops to take shipping this very hour southward."

"'Twould be rare sport to close round the fox in his den," rejoined Morton, "if we had the fleet on the other side. But, I fear me, there has been some disaster—at least to delay the preparations."

"Do not talk of evil before it comes!" cried Warrell, "let us hope rather that they have captured the traitor, or driven him out of Virginia. But what is that?"

The report of a musket was just then heard, and several of the soldiers started off as in pursuit of an enemy. Presently word was brought that one of them, who had strayed a little distance, had seen and challenged a person riding at full speed, and receiving no answer, had fired, but without effect. It was not long before the pursuer returned, having overtaken the fugitive. Their prisoner was a woman!

There was no little manifestation of eagerness in the party to get a sight of the daring female who had ventured alone so far from the town, so late at night; and the circle closed around her as she was brought to the commanding officer. What was the astonishment of Warrell when he recognised Ellen!

"With your permission, sir," he said to the officer, "I will speak to this young woman, as I am acquainted with her."

Some of the men laughed; but the interruption was checked in a moment, and all listened with attention, as Warrell, being authorised to question her, in a manner that savored of grave rebuke, asked what had brought her there.

"My story is soon told," said the girl, fearlessly. "I was on my way to give warning to some of your men in the town, that a party of British and refugees, who have been lurking several days in this neighborhood, have gone six or to remain quiet at Portsmouth. Champe, as Compton just now said, has been unable yet to effect his escape from the English vessel, or to get appointed on other service, from which he could join us more easily."

A murmur of surprise followed this explanation. After the general had cordially expressed his thanks to the patriotic soldier who had so courageously undertaken to perform so difficult and hazardous a piece of service, the others crowded around him, with greeting and welcome, mingled with apologies for having treated him as a prisoner.

"It gives us pleasure, too!" cried Warrell, speaking for Morton and himself, "to know that we do not owe our lives to the mercy of an enemy. All is now explained. And truly, my general, we owe our gratitude in another quarter, where perilous service has been performed. The daughter of this faithful soldier, in being the medium of his communications, has had much to encounter. It was through her warning, that we were enabled to meet and drive back the enemy to-night."

All eyes were drawn to the blushing girl, whose courage, so lofty in the midst of danger, failed her utterly when thus made the object of admiration and applause. Warrell asked and obtained the privilege of riding beside her on their return to Annapolis, her father being engaged in conversation with the generals. On the way, he learned her simple story; how she had given up to her father, to aid his patriotic enterprise, all the means at her command, devoting herself, with steadfast resolution, to menial service, for the purpose of earning sufficient to supply the wants of her aged relative, and submitting without a murmur to the caprices of her employers,—frequently to severity and harshness; working for her beloved ones, in hours taken from slumber, and giving all that rigid self-denial could spare to her father, for she thought not of herself, knowing that her humble labors might aid the cause of her suffering country. The death of her grandmother had released her from further necessity of seeking employment among strangers; and she had remained at Annapolis to be near her father, and in readiness to give to the whigs whatever service might be required of her. The flame of patriotism, Warrell could not but acknowledge, burned as purely and fervently in the breast of that young girl as in that of the bravest soldier. Who could refuse to honor the steady principle, the heroism, which impelled her to her self-sacrificing duties; a heroism not less deserving of praise than that by which others were animated, whose noble deeds have been chronicled by historians, and are the admiration of a grateful country!

The limits prescribed to this simple story do not permit us to linger upon succeeding events, the details of which are furnished by history—the return of Lafayette with his troops to the Head of Elk, and his receipt there of intelligence from Washington that the British General Phillips, with more than two thousand men, had gone to reinforce Arnold—the orders subsequently given to Lafayette to return and defend Virginia, which was thenceforward to be the centre of active operations; the march of Cornwallis, and his junction with Arnold at Petersburg; his subsequent movements; the siege of Yorktown, and the victory which in effect put an end to the war. Amidst the festivities that followed this triumph, Warrell was in Philadelphia, where the beautiful Miss Billingham was again the star of general admiration. She had received her affianced lover with coldness, and it was not long before a remonstrance on his part against her coquetry with others, was met by haughty indignation at his presumption. The next day the major received a formal note, announcing that their engagement was at an end.

Warrell knew by the joy which he felt that he was again free, that he, too, had deceived himself in imagining he loved Julia. In the court of conscience he stood convicted of a violation, in feeling, of the faith he had pledged to her; for he could not conceal from himself that his affection belonged to the gentle girl whom he had met in so humble a position. Her unassuming virtues, her filial devotion, the zeal she had manifested in the cause to which his own life was consecrated, had made a deep impression on his heart, and he rejoiced that he could now, without self-reproach, offer her his hand.

The services of Compton had been publicly acknowledged by the Commander-in-Chief, and it was not difficult to find him out. To him Warrell confided his feelings and hopes, and obtained his full consent to his suit.

On a bright afternoon in spring, Compton entered the neat little parlor where his daughter sat at work, making a set of muslin window-curtains.

"You must do a favor, Ellen," he said, "to our excellent friend, Major Warrell. Here is a purchase he has made for his intended bride, a dress, imported ready-made from England, with veil and bridal ornaments; and he wants to see the effect of it. I have promised him that you shall *try* it on."

Ellen looked up in surprise. She would fain have refused; but her father, though he could not but notice that her cheek grew deadly pale, and her eyes filled with tears, insisted on her compliance, and would not admit any of her excuses. She went at length into the next room to put on the dress. Compton waited a few moments, and then, stepping to the door, beckoned Warrell, with a significant smile, to come in. Both softly approached the door of the inner room, which Compton opened without noise. Ellen stood before the glass, arranging the white satin robe, which she had put on. The veil fastened in her hair, floated like a silver cloud over her shoulders, and her white arms were encircled with the pearl bracelets. Never, Warrell thought, had he seen a creature of such surpassing loveliness. The dress fitted admirably her slender figure; but her hands trembled as they adjusted its rich folds, and her pale face was bedewed with tears. She wiped them away, sighing deeply; then tried to smile, as she contemplated once more her figure in the glass. Turning round, she started with surprise when she saw who was watching her; her pale face became crimson, and she turned, as if to escape; but Warrell, unable to repress his feelings, sprang forward, threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand, pressed it rapturously to his lips.

"Major—Major Warrell!" exclaimed Ellen, hastily snatching away her hand—"I did not know you were here. Nay, sir—you forget—I am not the owner of this dress!" and again she strove to smile, as if it was all a jest.

"You are, you are the owner—if you will condescend to wear it!" cried the enamored young man. "Ellen, dear Ellen, I love, I have long loved you! Your father gives his consent; it was he who insisted on this stratagem. Say you will wear the dress; that you will be mine!"

The bewildered girl looked from one to another, hardly knowing what to make of so unexpected a declaration.

Warrell told her of the termination of his engagement with Miss Billingham, and how his admiration of herself had grown into love; while her father explained that even at Annapolis he had perceived how deep an interest she felt in the young officer.

The artless maiden blushed to find her guarded secret had been thus open to parental scrutiny; but it was not difficult to draw from her a confession that his judgment had not been incorrect.

We have no space for a description of the wedding, nor of the magnificent nuptials of Julia Billingham, who married an English gentleman, the younger son of a peer, with whom she had flirted desperately while he was a prisoner on parole. She went to England, where her station in life was a brilliant one, amidst the most aristocratic society of Europe; but it may be questioned if the portion of happiness that fell to her lot exceeded that of the unassuming Ellen, whose generous devotion to others, proved in times "that tried mens' souls," was still exercised in making the happiness of home.

THE BUGS OF RUSSIA.

Mahorka is the very strongest, coarsest, essential-oiliest tobacco imaginable. It smells—ye gods, how it smells! It smokes as though it were made of the ashes of the bottomless pit, mingled with the leaves of the upas tree, seasoned with assafœtida and oculus indicus. It kills all insects, but this powerful mahorka is powerless against the Russian bug. That hateful brown-uniformed monster, who is voracious, blood-sucking, impudent, and evil-smelling enough to be a Russian functionary, and to have a grade in the Tchinu, laughs a horse-leech laugh at mahorka. He would smoke a pipe thereof without winking, I am convinced. I knew a lady in St. Petersburg whose sleeping apartment (hung with sky-blue silk, fluted, and forming one of a suite, rented at two hundred roubles a month) was so infested with arch bugs, that she would have gone into a high fever for want of rest, if febrile symptoms had not been counteracted by faintness with loss of blood.—She was a buxom woman originally, and grew paler and paler every day. She tried camphor; she tried vinegar; she tried turpentine; she tried a celebrated vermin annihilator powder, which had been given to her by my friend Nessim Bey (otherwise Colonel Washington Lafayette Bowie, United States), and which had been used with great success by that gallant condottiere while campaigning against the bugs—and the Russians—with Omer Pasha in Anatolia. But all was in vain. The brown vampires rioted on that fair flesh, and brought all their brothers, like American sight-seers. The lady was in despair, and applied, at last, to a venerable Russian friend, decorated with the cross of St. Stanislas, second class, high up in the ministry of imperial appanages, and who had resided for more than half a century in St. Petersburg.

"How can you kill bugs, General?" (of course he was a General) she asked.

"Madame," he answered, "I think it might be done with dogs and a double-barrelled gun!"

This, though hyperbolical, is really the dernier mot of the vermin philosophy. If you want to destroy bugs, you must either go to bed in plate-armor, and so, rolling about, squash them, or you must sit up patiently with a moderator-lamp, a cigar, and a glass of grog, and hunt them. You will be a mighty hunter before the morning. Don't be sanguine enough to imagine that you can kill the wretches with the mere finger and thumb. I have found a pair of snuffers serviceable in crushing their lives out. A brass wafer-stamp (if you have a strong arm and a sure aim) is not a bad thing to be down on them with; I have heard a noose, or lasso or packthread, to snare and strangle them unawares, spoken of favorably; but a hammer, and a ripping-chisel of the pattern used by the late Mr. Manning are the best vermin annihilators!—F. *Sala, in Household Words.*

A HEROIC WOMAN.—It is related that in the year 1786, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta sent as a present, a costly bracelet of rubies to Madame Frenoy, a French lady of great beauty, in token of her extraordinary and gallant conduct, when an Algerine corsair attacked the vessel in which she was a passenger. This lady was in a polacre, bound to Genoa, and the Algerine coming alongside poured in a broadside, and then grappling with her, a number of the Algerines boarded her, sword in hand. The crew were about to submit to the enemy, when Madame du Frenoy snatched a sabre from a wounded sailor, and wielded it with astonishing courage and effect. The crew, animated and inspired by such an unexpected example of female valor, fought with enthusiasm, killed several of the pirates, and drove the remainder back to their own vessel. When this lady reached the shore, she was everywhere greeted with acclamations by the populace. The Marquis de St. Christeaux waited upon her, and with his own hands placed a crown of laurel on her head—and a portrait of her was taken for the Queen of France.

☞ A fellow being brought to the bar, some time ago, to answer for a misdemeanor, told the prosecutor that he could convict him of being both a thief and a murderer. Upon being required to prove his assertion, "Why," said he, "you ugly villain, you killed a monkey, and you stole his countenance."

☞ When doing what is right the heart is easy, and becomes better every day; but when practising deceit the mind labors, and every day gets worse.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and to the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies, - - - - - - - $5.00 a year.
Eight " (and one to the getter up of Club,) 10.00 "
Thirteen (and one to the getter up of Club,) 15.00 "
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are respectfully declined: "To an Infant Asleep." "The Hermit—A Sketch." "Felola; or the Chieftain's Daughters."

A STORY FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

In addition to the writers announced below, we may state that we have made arrangements for a story from the pen of the public's old favorite, GRACE GREENWOOD. It will be entitled,

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

We are not able to perceive in any cotemporary, newspaper or magazine, as brilliant a list of writers as we have engaged for the next year of the Post.

THE COMING YEAR.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the *following distinguished writers for contributions* during the coming year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The AUTHOR of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The AUTHOR of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We design commencing in our next number,—the first of the new year—the following Novelet:

• TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c.

This is a story of Australian Life, Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic objects under which Nature and Society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

☞ We design commencing "TALLENGETTA," by William Howitt, in our next number. Let all whose subscriptions expire with this week, the last of the year, send on their names as speedily as possible, with as many of their neighbors' as they can obtain. Do not delay, however—as additional names can always be added, and it is important to us to make up our lists as early as possible. We intend 1857 to be a gem year—look at our array of original contributions—and no opportunity shall be lost of employing fresh talent.

AN AMUSING LAWSUIT.—A Mr. Smith, an author of some repute in England, was recently sued by a London publisher for unfaithfulness to his engagements. It seems that Mr. Smith, being employed in writing a novel for said publisher, stopped midway, refusing to complete his task. Lord Campbell asked if the tale was discontinued before the hero and heroine were married. Counsel for plaintiff replied that it was after the marriage, but the author not knowing how to dispose of the *dramatis personæ*, blew them all up in a steamer! It appears that another writer had to be employed to finish the story, and he it was who thus "blew up" all the characters. The publisher said that his readers did not like this sudden ending; but, for our part, we think it quite an ingenious termination, and one exceedingly appropriate in this very explosive age.

CHRISTMAS.

At this time, when, moved by the influences of the season, we feel a stronger interest as human beings in whatever concerns the welfare of humankind, it is natural that we should look out over the world through our warm Christmas glow, from under the traditional holly. It is not at present the bright and happy spectacle for contemplation that it might be, if men were generous and just. But the spirit which rules this season forbids those suggestions of a private pleasure which would lead us to the selection of only happy themes for thought, and makes us willing in remembrance of Him for whom we keep these Christmas hours, to linger on the aspects of the world, however sad, since they are significant of the lives and fortunes of so many of our fellow-creatures. Leaning out, then, from the ruddy, festal glow of our private Christmas reveries and fantasies, with jovial cheer and dance and game and twinkling holly leaves behind us, let us glance at the present ways of present man, and scan the strange sceneries of the groaning globe.

It is not a cheerful spectacle to any thinking man—this pageant of the world's affairs. The crowds are not sane, nor the rulers just. Ghastly battle-splendors waver over the roar and whirl of events, paling that mild star which rose in history eighteen hundred years ago this Christmas Time, and deriding its benignant augury. Ugly shapes of disease are numerous and multiform. The times are out of joint with want and crime and sin, with antic folly and avarice and practical atheism. Low aims, low motives, and mean ambitions prevail. The lurid and gloomy features of the scene seem to outnumber those we can feel glad to look upon.

Throughout Christendom the rulers are mostly bad, unscrupulous men, selfish, shallow, and malevolent, possessed with the mania of injustice, counting wealth and power as the most desirable things, quick to make wars to wrench from others gold and dominion, subtle and clever in peace to devise cheating schemes for the obtainance of the same ends, pendulums between violence and fraud, dicers in a game of blood and guile. As yet, the great ideas of Christianity have little practical, popular acceptance. The majority of people everywhere, we fear, live pagan lives, reason and act only as intelligent, narrow-souled, well-meaning pagans of other ages reasoned and acted. Their philosophy of life agrees with their rulers' philosophy as regards the ends; agrees practically as regards the means, though with some conscientious growling and impotent mutineering. As a general thing, the people are better than their governors, only because more intelligent or less iron-hearted. But we are ridden by old heathen notions. They cling to us, like the ape to Sinbad, and we carry them into every department of life. Truth, right, justice, love to man—these, half of us, account more than half visionary. To be rich, to eat well, drink well, sleep soft, dress fashionably, have a fine horse and a "respectable" character in the community, drive a brisk trade, be honored or famous these are, at best, the chief desires, implying the practices, of our lives. But the spirit which burned like Pentecostal flame in the hearts of those disciples and apostles of Him whose mystic birth we celebrate, and whose saintly life we remember, at this time—where is that? The spirit which inspired them utterly to forget themselves, all comforts, all ambitions, in the one effort to make the world around them better and brighter for the dwellers therein, and to labor without ceasing for each other and for the race—how many of *us millions of Christians in Christendom* does it animate to-day?

What thoughtful soul can look without a sad compassion on the business in which the various nations of the earth are at present occupied, in which each is actuated by that base, prevalent, selfish regard! To think that in this age—after eighteen centuries of boasted Christian life—the smallest and meanest aims should be cherished as the greatest and grandest, and that the main good desired, should be simply a commercial good! For the commercial good is almost the solitary goal of our civilization. To gain it every energy and implement are employed. Mammon rules. The individual, the firm, the society, the State—all obey him. All devices, inventions, plans, or plots, that are formed or found, are adopted with reference to the increase of wealth, the heaping up of money for the little good it is used to buy. The acquisitive passion—the "narrowing lust for gold,"—is the strongest motive power in the human heart to-day. If you would change the face of the world, turn the stream of events, and alter history, announce a new gold mine somewhere. At once there is the rush of millions across the earth, and the sails of millions whiten the seas, to gain it. Those that do not go are those that cannot, those that are already gorged with wealth, those that stay at home to receive and speculate on what their compatriots get, and God's minority! Power itself is chiefly desired because it implies the possession of money, or the ability to gain it—and wars are commonly prosecuted with a view to national acquisition. The world's tale is summed up in the statement that at this season, over which stretches the golden legend of peace on earth and good will to men, the nations, Christian and barbarian alike, are engaged in covetous and rapacious wars, or are preparing to engage in such—that the stronger nations are eager to pillage and plunder the weaker—and that few men bear good will to each other, whatever Heaven bears to us all.

It is hard sometimes to keep one's heart and hope unabated in view of these things, and to trust that God rules, and that by these vile and sorrowful roads, all besprent with mire and gore, Humanity advances to its final destiny, the Golden Age which saints have prophesied and poets dreamed. Yet if Christmas has one meaning stronger than another, this it is; and if any lesson for us, it is of the duty which binds us all to shape our public and private lives by His who gave this time its holy name, and to struggle bravely and patiently against all forms of sin and wrong, both private and public, with all the power that in us lies. When we wish each other a happy Christmas, using the time-honored formula,—itself fragrant with Christianity since it implies that the wishers have the welfare of others rather than their own, at heart—let us see that our daily deeds correspond with our words,—that our acts are such as to make the Christmas happy to every one every where. We know that it reverses the custom of this festal time to suggest sad thoughts when people most desire to be glad and gay. But it seems to us that Christmas is the very day of all the year on which to remember our human relations. No compassionate heart can be truly and altogether glad while there are men that sin and suffer, and make others their partners and their victims in the suffering and the sin. That shall be the truly happy Christmas when we are all happy together. That is the Christmas which our truth and tenderness to all human interests, our renunciation of all ignoble and unworthy thoughts, words and deeds, our lofty and lowly spirits and unsullied lives, are to conquer from these years of baseness and bold wrong. In the bright Christmas glow, under the green holly, it is for us to renew our vows of service to the Humanity that Christ lived to bless and died to save.

UTAH.

A paper purporting to be a judicial charge against Polygamy, delivered by Judge Drummond at the July term of the First Judicial District Court for Utah Territory, held at Genoa, in Carson county, appears in the California journals. The Journal of Commerce treats it as a hoax, but we trust that it is not, for such a charge is very much wanted. Judge Drummond is represented as saying:—

As there is no statute law in this Territory regulating marriage, or touching the subject directly or indirectly, it only remains for me to say that, all those ceremonies by the people of this Territory called "sealing," are anything other in the eyes of the law than a legal marriage ceremony.

* * * * * * *

All these men therefore who have a multiplicity of women residing with them, at the same house or at the same harem, are subjects for your investigation. I have already instructed you, that there is no law in this Territory authorizing the issuing of marriage licenses, or authorizing any one to perform marriage ceremonies, either in or out of the church; and much as you may regret to do so, it is nevertheless your duty to respect *the law of the land*, and prefer bills of indictment against all such as have not been legally married in some other country, and particularly when two or more women are found cohabiting with the same man. These instances are too often seen and too much encouraged by the heads of the church here, to insure respect from the civilized world, either at home or abroad; and even barbarous minds in your own country revolt at the sickening and truly heart rending spectacle of the masses of this Territory.

The Judge is said to have delivered some time previously, a judicial charge, in which he decided that the Common Law was extended over Utah by the Act organizing the territory—and Polygamy is undoubtedly condemned by the Common Law. It is very evident however, that all judicial decisions against Polygamy will amount to nothing, until the decree of the law can be maintained by physical force. The best means of effecting this, would be to direct a large and steady stream of Western emigration upon Utah—but whether it is possible to do it, by holding out unusual inducements to emigrants, in the shape of large grants of land, or even pecuniary bounties, we are unable to say. To enforce such judicial decisions entirely by means of United States troops, would be not only an expensive but a disagreeable mode of righting the wrong. And yet the longer the evil is allowed to grow, the greater probably will be the bloodshed and suffering that must be ultimately gone through.

One thing, however, seems to us very plain, either that all connection between the general government and Utah, should be severed, or that the Polygamy there prevailing, should, in some mode, be suppressed. So far it has existed under the quasi-sanction of the federal government; such sanction being indirectly implied by the organization of the territory, and by the appointment of Brigham Young as Governor. Now if we are not prepared to extirpate the evil, we should at least be careful not to countenance it.

GAMBLING IN BUSINESS NOT LEGAL.—The Superior Court of New York has decided that sales of produce or merchandise deliverable at a future day, with no intention of the parties actually to perform it, but merely to pay difference on the one side or the other, according to the state of the market, such contract is a wager, and, therefore, void. The policy of the law is to discourage gambling transactions of every kind, whether in bets, wagers, stakes, stocks or business merely speculative.

The gambling spirit seems to be breaking out with renewed violence of late, and unless the sober portion of the community firmly set their faces against it, we shall soon have it pervading every department of trade and business. The next move then will be to abolish the laws against money lotteries and money gambling. And much of the evil originated with the Art Unions. Men of respectability first countenanced a little gambling for the sake of encouraging Art, and through the little hole they opened in the moral dyke a flood is now pouring. It should be a warning against doing evil that good may come.

COLD WEATHER.—Thursday and Friday of last week opened the cold weather in this latitude—beginning about a week earlier than last year. Friday evening, however, it moderated, and that night rain fell. We thought that the thirteen and ten degrees *above* zero that we had would do very well, but we perceive that at Sackville, Maine, the thermometer was seventeen *below* zero, and even at Lexington, Mass., thirteen. At Washington, D. C., it was twenty-seven degrees above—just about right. People begin to prophesy a cold winter, just as, last year, they prophesied a warm one. Goose bones seem to be no longer reliable—geese nowadays are geese.

WALKER'S POSITION.

Recruits are being sent out from this country to join Gen. Walker, who, judging from the late reports, greatly needs their aid—having only 750 men left out of 5,000 who have enlisted under him at various times. Before burning Granada, Walker embarked his sick and wounded, and placed them under the charge of sixty men, on the island of Ometepe. It is reported that the natives had risen, and massacred all these unfortunate people. A large amount of property belonging to foreigners was destroyed at the burning of Grenada, which will, no doubt, give rise to many embarrassing claims for indemnity, in case Walker should succeed in maintaining his government. Of Walker's 750 men, 400 under Gen. Henningsen, at the last advices, were besieged in Grenada, either in the plaza, or in a suburban church which had escaped the flames—250 under Col. Jacques were garrisoning Virgin Bay, and 100 at the two forts, Serapiqui and Collis.

In the coalition against Walker are included not only the Central American States, but Venezuela, Chili, Ecuador, Peru, and New Granada. We see it stated that Chili is to contribute 1,000 men, and Peru, out of her guano fund, $1,000,000. But three of these States, however, have actually taken the field, Costa Rica, Guatemala, and San Salvador—which constitute, with Honduras and Nicaragua itself, the five Central American sovereignties.

SAYS the Boston Atlas: "In the Municipal Court, John A. Frazier, who was on trial for larceny of mackerel, was discharged on the ground of a flaw in the indictment. He was charged with stealing certain *barrels* of mackerel, when the testimony showed they were *half* barrels. Mr. Brewster contended that the term barrel was proper, but Judge Nash thought differently, and ordered a discharge.

It is such miserable mockeries of justice as the above, which bring law and the Courts into contempt. Who can wonder at stern Lynch Law and San Francisco Vigilance Committees, when proved rogues are allowed to escape on such wretched quibbles as the above. A quibble is good in its place—when, for instance, the letter of the law would condemn the innocent, and do rank injustice—the Judge may say then, with Portia, take your pound of flesh, but not a single drop of blood—but it should never be interposed between the undoubted offender and his legal and well deserved punishment. If it is thus interposed, it is at the expense of law itself. For none are such great subverters of that respect for law and order which is a natural sentiment in American communities, as the Judges who make decisions like that we have quoted above.

VENTILATION.—An ingenious mode of ventilation has been adopted at the Orphan's Asylum in New York. The smoke and gas from the furnaces in the cellar are carried off through three cast-iron pipes, which run through the ordinary flues. Of course there is a column of heated air constantly rising in the flues, around the smoke pipes, and the air of the rooms finding access to these flues through registers near the ceiling, is constantly being carried off with much greater rapidity than if left merely to its own volition.

ALL ABOUT IT.—The Florida lady who wrote some time ago for information respecting the ceremonial of presentation at the English Court, is referred to the interesting letter of our Paris correspondent.

New Publications.

PAUL FANE; OR, PARTS OF A LIFE NEVER UNTOLD. By N. P. Willis. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Mr. Willis's delicately tinted and brilliant novel has already become known to the reading world through the columns of the Home Journal, in which it was originally published. It has the merits of its author's former works, and the faults which result from his way of thought and ideal of life. It is eminently a book of expression. The most evanescent and gossamer fancies, reflections, impressions, sensations, perceptions, are here magically imprisoned in vivid and colored words. The floating flosa and thistle-down of mentality which float elusively through so many brains, Mr. Willis has the art to catch. This wonderful and admired power of expressing a certain grade of the inexpressible, is, we think, the chief charm of this book. There are other things in it which only an elaborate analysis could justly specify, that also deserve admiration. As a novel, it has not much merit or value. It only deals with the surface of things, and is sentimentally and essentially false. The hero, Paul Fane, is not, as the author means him to be, a great or noble nature. He is a selfish egotist, and a snob to boot. Yet the creation has good points. But who would turn to such a picture as a desirable study for manhood, or who would wish to wear the colors of such a character? We do not of course, think that the men of hard and common sense and homely, obvious virtues, are the only exemplars; they are good of their kind; but we value tea-roses and mignionette as well as dahlias and balsam-herbs; we hold precious those characters of fine aroma and etherial hues—those delicate poetic and artistic natures—as well as those of less delicate form, homelier use, or more instantly discernible excellence. Give us Philip Sidney, or Chesterfield, or Ogiethorpe, or Shelley, or any other truly beautiful and elegant soul, and we, though never so sturdy Cromwell-lovers, or rough-and-ready-hero worshipers, will reverentially admire. But Paul Fane—what is there in him that we should do homage to? This is not a beautiful flower, but a pretty weed. He is simply a clown in spirit, draped in a glimmer of factitious elegance, and only inspires us with the indifference which verges on contempt.

The most winning portraits in the work are those of the principal female characters. They have that fine grace and gleam of femininity which often appear in the loveliest women. Their spirituality and elegance, however, are rather of appearance than of essence—rather of the exterior than of the interior. We are left to *infer* their nobility of soul—to infer it only by their possession of those outward, decorative graces which we love to attach to our visions of fair ladies.

ANDRE: A Tragedy in Five Acts. By W. W. Lord. Charles Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Andre is a play of much merit as times (and American plays,) go. It has power and some beauty, but is however rather melodramatic than natural, and cannot obtain any lasting place in literature, even if it wins its author present reputation. The story of Arnold's treason offers fine opportunities for art, but as yet no man has arisen able to give to any of the epic pages of American history, the gigantic and generous poetic treatment they deserve.

GOLD AND SILVER. By A. W. H. With Illustrations. Dix, Edwards & Co. New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

A very good fairy story, written without any affectation of adaptation to childish intellects, and commendable in all other respects.

ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH AMERICAN PROVINCES. By CHARLES LANMAN. J. W. Moore, Phila.

Mr. Charles Lanman is best known as the author of a little work entitled "The Private Life of Daniel Webster." His last book is a republication, in two large, embellished, and handsomely illustrated volumes, of the matter of several small volumes originally printed several years ago. The character of the book is rather well-described in its title. It is the result of personal experience and observation during the various tours of ten years, and is rendered interesting by its picturing of all phases of American scenery, its details of manners and customs in the different parts of the country, the impressions it gives of the adventurous life the sportsman and naturalist must lead in the wilds of the land, and the anecdotes of personal adventure with which it is interspersed. The staple matter of which the book is composed lends it a potent charm and a powerful attraction. In point of literary ability it is below mediocrity. The style of the author's attempts at eloquence is extremely sophomorical, and bathos abounds. All goes on well enough when he does not make efforts at "fine writing," or descant on Wordsworth's poetry, or indulge in other little autorial excesses, similar in kind, to which he is prone.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF HORACE SMITH AND JAMES SMITH. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Mason Brothers, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The Brothers Smith, those ingenious and brilliant wits and satirists of the last half century, are best known as the authors of Rejected Addresses, a work which has some of the best parodies of the best poets, ever dashed from the comic pen. Horace Smith, however, ought to be known more widely as the author of some fine philosophical poems of a more serious cast, some of which have attained undoubted celebrity in the literary world. His brother James was more distinguished as a clever and witty writer of "verses of society." They were both worthy members of that multitudinous and ancient family of the Smiths, and in their lives were much loved for the steady glow of kindly, luminous humor which radiated from their genial and cordial natures. Mr. Epes Sargent has edited this collected edition of their writings with his usual ability. We can commend the volume to our readers as a rich repository of good sense and pure fun, from which much enjoyment may be gathered for those long winter evenings.

A PHYSICIAN'S VACATION; or, A Summer in Europe. By WALTER CHANNING. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson.

One of the very best books of the year. Dr. Walter Channing, an eminent Bostonian, a man ripe in years and judgment, with a mellow heart and mind, and ample culture, goes over the Continent with his keen, kind eyes wide open, notes down what he sees, and now prints his journal, giving us in a simple, solid, unostentatious way a great mass of valuable information regarding countries about which so many pert and snobbish books are written that it is quite a relief to come upon a plain and modest record like this. People that are purposing to travel in Europe, will find this volume rich in useful suggestion. For the general reader it has many attractions. A large portion of it is devoted to observations in Russia, and is peculiarly interesting, as every reliable account of things in that country must be.

THE DOCTRINE OF BAPTISM. By GEORGE M. ARMSTRONG, D. D. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

A Scriptural examination of the questions concerning the translation of the word "baptizo," and the proper mode and subjects of baptism. The author is pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Norfolk Va.

TOWN AND COUNTRY, AND THE VOICES IN THE SHELLS. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Illustrated. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

The poet Stoddard's last contribution to our fairy literature. The book contains two stories, quaint and beautiful, though marred a little in the execution by an affected colloquialism of style.

MERRY'S BOOK OF PUZZLES. Dayton & Burdick, New York. For sale by C. G. Henderson, Philadelphia.

Great fun for the young people in this collection of hieroglyphical rebuses, puzzles, conundrums, enigmas, and riddles.

—Shilling editions of all five of Dickens' Christmas and New Year Stories have been issued by Mr. T. B. Peterson. They are good to read at this time. The "Christmas Carol," especially, every one ought to read once a year, at Christmas. It is like the glow of a wood fire to us who have only anthracite grates.

THE American edition of the London Quarterly Review for October, comes to us from Mr. W. B. Zieber, containing, among other excellent matter, a very readable article on Whately's edition of Bacon's Essays.

LAKE NGAMI. Dix, Edwards & Co.'s edition of the famous Swedish traveller Andersson's "Explorations and Discoveries in South-Western Africa" just published, contains an interesting and introductory letter from the pen of Colonel John C. Fremont.

THE PARAGREENS ON A VISIT TO THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION. By the author of "Lorenzo Benoni," etc. With illustrations by John Leech. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

JESUS UPON EARTH; or, The Story of His Birth, Death, and Resurrection. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

A BOOK OF PUBLIC PRAYER, Compiled from the Formularies of the Presbyterian Church. C. Scribner, New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

THANKFULNESS, A Sermon, and CHARACTER, A Sermon. By Charles Wadsworth. T. B. Peterson, Phila.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE; or, The Model of Youth. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

EXAMPLES OF GOODNESS. Narrated for the Young. Translated from the German. Illustrated. J. W. Moore. Philadelphia.

Among the children's books which the gift season pours from its affluent horn, are the following:—

GRANDMOTHER LEE'S PORTFOLIO. Illustrated by Hammatt Billings. Whittemore, Niles & Hall, Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

THE SISTERS ABROAD; or, An Italian Journey. Whittemore, Niles & Co., Boston. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

WORTH, NOT WEALTH; and Other Tales. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

DOUGLASS FARM; A Juvenile Story of Life in Virginia. By Mary E. Bradley. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

BRIGHT PICTURES FROM CHILD LIFE. Translated from the German. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

KONSOLTOZO. A Sequel to The Last of the Huggermuggers. With Illustrations. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

AURORA LEIGH. A Poem. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. C. S. Francis & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Mrs. Browning's last great poem, greater than any of its predecessors, both as a poem and romance, and fully establishing its author as the first poet of the Age, comes to us at last. We hope to speak our whole mind concerning it, ere long; at present it is enough to announce its advent, and to say that no nobler poetry has been written in this or any other time than that contained in Aurora Leigh.

TALES OF FLEMISH LIFE. By HENDRIK CONSCIENCE. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

Four stories, pastoral and domestic in character, and with a quiet and pensive charm, characteristic of the tales of Conscience, who is one the first of Flemish authors.

The following books are published and for sale by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau st New York, and 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:

THE PILGRIM BOY. A Narrative of Facts.

LIFE OF THE APOSTLES JOHN AND PAUL. By Rev. Horace Hooker. Gallaudet's Series.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

CLAREMONT; or, The Undivided Household. Parry & McMillan. Philadelphia.

"Noise befits not camp nor hall—
Eagles soar on silent feather:
Proud sight!
Left, right!
Steady, boys, and step together!"

☞ Beware of falling in love with a pair of moustaches, till you have ascertained whether their wearer is the original proprietor.

☞ "There be a thousand and one things, good master, amongst us which are unknown to us. Some good fellow ought to take his pen and go down into cellars and other underground places, and record all he sees and hears, that the world might rejoice in the knowledge of things now unknown."—*Old Play.*

☞ Almost every man wastes part of his life in attempts to display qualities which he does not possess, and to gain applause which he does not keep.

☞ "May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady, who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracks—certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her spectacles, "leave them with the heel towards the house you please."

☞ Johnson once declined an introduction to a popular author, with the remark that he did not desire to converse with a person who had written more than he had read.

☞ He that knows not how to spend his time hath more business, care, grief, and anguish of mind, than he that is most busy in the midst of all his business.—*Burton.*

☞ GOOD TEST.—The pursuit in which we cannot ask God's protection must be criminal; pleasures for which we dare not thank Him must be innocent.

☞ What Hume said of Jean Jacques Rousseau—that he was like a skinned man among furze-bushes—is too true of most geniuses in their intercourse with men and society.

☞ A LACONIC LETTER AND ANSWER.—Lord Bulkeley, on the morning subsequent to his marriage, communicated his happiness to his friend the Duke of Dorset, in the following epistle:

"DEAR DORSET—I am the happiest dog alive.
"Yours, BULKELEY.

ANSWER.

"DEAR BULKELEY—Every dog has his day.
"Yours, DORSET.

☞ A TRUISM.—A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, and have something they have not, is the root of all immorality.

LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.—The following New York correspondence of the Boston Journal is too true:—"One of our rich merchants, a man of fortune of a million and a half—a resident of the Sixth Avenue—connected with one of the first houses in New York, was carried yesterday to the Insane Hospital. He is an another illustration of what our city shows in many lamentable cases of the danger of over attention to business. We keep a list of the drunkards who die, of the suicides, of deaths by railroad collisions, and accidents. But could the number of deaths, and the cases of insanity, growing out of the 'haste to be rich,'—of the incessant application to business—the overtaxing of the mind in the accumulation of wealth be known, the appalling number would startle and convulse society."

AGRICULTURE IN ALABAMA.—At the late Alabama State Fair the premium for the largest production of cotton from one acre of land (3,010 lbs) was given to Dr. Kennon Jones. The premium for the largest production of corn, one acre (95 bushels) was given to Chas. Peabody. The Society passed a resolution offering a reward of $10,000 for the discovery of a mode to secure the cotton planter from the ravages of the boll worm. A number of resolutions of practical moment were passed, among them one for attempting the propagation of white shad in the Alabama river, and also recommending the adoption of uniform dimension in cotton bales.

KANSAS.—Gov. Geary is said to have refused to allow the ball and chain to be put to the feet of the free State prisoners. Young Golden, of Waynesburg, Pa., who threw himself overboard on his way down the Missouri river, and was supposed to have been drowned, has returned to his former place of residence safely. It seems that he overheard a plot to take his life, and jumped into the water to escape, but he is said to have been deranged in consequence of his sufferings in Kansas. The Free State Relief Committee, at Lawrence, have received two hundred boxes of goods from the east, containing clothing valued at $16,000.

SCOLDING WIVES.—Judge McClure, of the Common Pleas in Pittsburg, in dismissing the applications for divorces on the ground of cruel treatment, scolding, hard names, &c., very justly remarked that there were about two applications to him a week for divorces, and that in most of the cases the parties paid no more regard to the solemnity of the marriage contract than to the purchase of an old wheelbarrow. If men marry sharp tongued women, they should have to put up with them as best they could. He would not divorce a man because his wife was a scold.

GEN. HARNEY has suspended hostilities against the Seminole Indians in Florida, until he communicates the intentions of the Government to them. At Tallahassee it is believed that the war will be concluded by negotiation.

A MILD AUTUMN.—The Boston (Mass.) Journal says that wild raspberries of the second crop were picked by a correspondent at West Newton, in that State, a few days ago, and that if the weather continued favorable for another week, there would be a large yield. A crop of peas, also, had been raised from seed grown this year.

WALKER DESIRING EUROPEAN SUPPORT.—According to the Central American account of the battle of Massaya and Granada, when in Walker's house the native troops seized the archives of the Government. Among the letters were two written by Gen. Walker—one to the Emperor of the French, and the other to Lord Clarendon—both to obtain their moral support and the acknowledgment of the Walker government by England and France, as the only means of preventing the annexation of Central America to the United States.

THE Intercoceanic Telegraph will soon girdle the belt around the globe, and the question will arise, what will be done about Sunday? In some parts of the world there will be two in a week, and Sundays generally will become common days. If the telegraph offices in all parts of the world close on Sunday, news arrangements will be constantly interrupted and delayed.

Paris Letter.

QUESTION ANSWERED—A PREP ACROSS THE CHANNEL—A VISIT TO ROYALTY—A SINGULAR EXCEPTION—A MODERN ORDEAL.

PARIS, Nov. 27, 1856.

Editor of the Post:

In the number of your paper which has just reached me (with its nice new type!) I observe that "a Florida correspondent" has asked you for the details of the ceremonial of presentation at the English Court. Supposing that such information might probably interest others of your readers, I have obtained from a London friend of mine,—Mrs. Nameless, daughter of an old titled family, wife of a Cabinet Minister, and an habitue of the Court for the last twenty years—a full, true, and particular" account of the ins and outs of this most serious and important affair, on which so many (carriage) loads of finery are expended yearly, and over which so many hearts, both masculine and feminine, go pit-a-pat for days and weeks beforehand.

When a lady wishes to be "Presented," she applies to some lady friend to do the presentation. If she have a relative who has ever been to Court, she will naturally apply to her; if she have no relative, she puts herself under the wing of the grandest title, or most "respectable" cognomen she may have access to.

The friend having consented to chaperone the applicant, the latter sends in her card to what is called "The Board of Green Cloth," an occult body of officers attached to the Queen's Household, whose business it is to see that no disreputable or improper persons gain access to the sacred presence of the "Queen's Most Excellent Majesty."

Let us suppose that Mrs. Ambitious Provincial, having made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Lollypops, and being bent on a visit to St. James', has obtained the Duchess's promise to "present" her at the next drawing-room. The card, sent in some four or five days before *the day*, will run thus:—

MRS. AMBITIOUS PROVINCIAL,
Presented by Her Grace the Duchess of Lollypops.

This card is sent to the palace by a servant, or by the post, enclosed in an envelope directed to the potent "Board" above mentioned.

As her Grace, the duchess, is of course supposed to be "particular" as to whom she consents to chaperone, the "Board" take it for granted that the lady to be presented by her is a right and proper person to be admitted to her Majesty's presence. No notice is therefore taken of the intimation conveyed by the card, such silence being understood to imply the consent of the Queen, through that of the Board, to receive the lady in question.

But suppose that the "Board of Green Cloth" should receive a card, bearing, for instance, the following:—

MRS. PAGGLES.
Presented by Mrs. Snaggs.

The "Board," not having the honor of knowing either of those ladies, immediately institute a search into the archives containing the lists of past presentations, to ascertain who and what Mrs. Snagge may be. Finding that a person of that name was presented, say in 1839, by Lady Arabella Easy, whose good nature is always getting her into scrapes with "dreadful" people no nobody ever saw or heard of but herself, the working member of the Board, brisk little Mr. ———, Esq., goes off instanter to the lady Arabella, to make inquiries as to the *status*, social and moral, of her ancient *protegee*. But lady Arabella, who has perfectly forgotten both the presentation and the woman, or only remembers to have been taken to task for her "thoughtless-ness in suffering herself to be entangled by the poor creature," can give no information about her, and is only anxious to wash her reputation of all suspicion of having a "Snagge" on her visiting list. So the working member goes off again, in search of Mrs. Paggles herself, whom he finds inhabiting a flashy new mansion in St. John's Wood, all glitter and vulgarity, or a neat genteel-tradesmanlike box at Hounslow, or at moderate lodging in Pimlico. In either case the working member is the very pink of politeness, but he manages to hint, in the gentlest manner, that perhaps, as Mrs. Snaggs is so little known to her Majesty, Mrs. Paggles would be condescending enough to name some other reference. Mrs. Paggles, turning all sorts of colors, will protest and vituperate the honorability and courtly acquaintanceship of Mrs. Snaggs, but the gentleman, briefly reiterating his request, she will in a fit of utter desperation, certain grand people whose houses or company she may possibly have smuggled herself on some occasion or other, and with whom she declares herself to be on the most intimate terms. Hereupon the emissary takes his leave with the same polite bow that has characterized his behaviour during the interview, and goes directly to the noble references. If any of these, for reasons best known to themselves, speak a good word for Mrs. Paggles, that lady will be notified that her presentation will take place as intended; but should neither of her references be brought down by an intimation from the Board to be kind enough to proceed in ceremoniously respectful terms, informing her that her application is declined. Such an intimation, however, is very rarely given, except in cases where some immoral conduct is known or suspected, the Board finding it more expedient, in these days of Charity, March of Mind, and so forth, to put up with the annoyance of being sometimes indeed taken upon by vulgar obscurity, than to provoke the angry comments of the radical press at anything that would look like haughty exclusiveness on her part.

But leaving Mrs. Paggles to her fate, let us follow the fortunes of Mrs. Ambitious Provincial, whose admission, under the wing of a duchess, I go on as smoothly as heart could wish.

And first for the dress. This consists, in all cases, of the traditional skirt, train, low body, lappets and plumes. Mrs. Ambitious, being anxious to cut a great dash, will probably spend five times as much on her court dress as the duchess; and will likely sport a green satin petticoat, with blonde and bunches of yellow ribbon, a red velvet train trimmed to match, a profusion of jewelry of several colors, and a mass of flowers in her hair, of just the shade not intended by their maker, or in the nature of things, to be worn with the colors she has chosen. But the duchess, with her usual elegance, is attired, say in a petticoat of pale gray silk, edged with a single deep flounce of magnificent old point, reaching two-thirds of the way up to her waist; round the top of the flounce, a quilling of crimson velvet ribbon an inch and a-half wide, with pearls sewn on both edges of the quilling, the flounce itself being looped up with knots of the same ribbon, with bunches of pearls in each knot; a train, or outer skirt, reaching across the back of the petticoat (as the upper skirt), attached at the waist, and reaching across the "petticoat" from quarter to quarter, this train being of the same silk as the "petticoat," trimmed round with point-lace matching the flounce, and festooned all round its border with bunches of crimson roses, exactly matching the shade of the ribbons on the skirt; the body of the dress cut very low, with short sleeves, *berthe* of the same lace, and large knots of the same crimson ribbon, with great bunches of pearls; head dress composed of the same roses and ribbons, with the four drooping ostrich plumes, without which no head, be it never so beautiful or aristocratic, need try to cross the threshold of the "Drawing-room," the lappets, equally *de rigueur*, of point-lace, drooping from the back of the head, hair worn a l'Eugenie, with rows of pearls looped into the front hair, the loops hanging lower and lower towards the ears, and falling over the throat and shoulders; necklace and bracelets of pearls.

But for the length which this description is reaching, I would give some other dresses as charming as that of the Duchess, especially a beautiful mourning one, entirely in black, even to the plumes, which created a "sensation" at one of the recent drawing-rooms. The Queen is often heard to remark, as some lady passes on, after making her curtsey, "What a pretty dress!"

Formerly the "Court-plume" consisted of fourteen ostrich feathers, very large and long; now the number is reduced to four, and they are worn very small. They are placed in the back hair, and are allowed to droop downwards a little, whereas, formerly, they were stuck upright. Long lappets of lace, from the back of the head, are also indispensable; but no coronets are allowed on these occasions, except those worn by the Queen and the Royal Duchesses. A Scotch lady of rank, but untitled, Mrs. K——, is the only exception to this rule. She possesses a very old diadem, that has been in her family since the days of the Heptarchy; and, as there is a legend connected with it, and enjoining her wearing it, she is allowed to wear the curious old thing, which becomes her magnificently handsome-faced person in the highest degree.

But to return to our muttons.

It is not necessary that the Presentor and Presented should go together to the Palace, or even meet there. As the Duchess, in virtue of her rank, has "the entree," a private entry reserved for the Royal family, ambassadors, ministers, and their wives, the highest of the nobility, and the intimate friends of the Queen, she may either take Mrs. Ambitious in with her—as she will do, if on friendly terms with her, and if her dress be satisfactory—or may leave her to make her way in by the crowded general entrance, as she will be very sure to do, if she dreads her costume, or desires, from any other motive, to give her a wide berth.

The mass of visitors, male and female, make their way up the ample staircase of the old and ugly palace of St. James', pass through the room in which are the beef-eaters, with their scarlet uniforms embroidered with gold, and the suite of rooms following, until they reach the large apartment contiguous to the Throne-Room—the door of this apartment being defended by two guards, who cross their halberds before the door, allowing only groups of twenty persons to enter at a time, so as to break the crush a little.

While awaiting your turn, you walk about, chat with your friends, and amuse yourself very agreeably. When your turn comes, two pages, who are stationed at the door leading into the Throne-Room, fling out to its fullest extent the train which you have carried over your arm, and you enter the presence of "the Majesty of England."

The Queen stands at the upper end of the room, which is small, her right hand to the entrance door, at the bottom of the room; Prince Albert is on her left hand, and the Royal Duchesses and Princesses, with any Royal visitors who happen to be staying with the Queen, stand in the same line, to the left of the Prince. Between the Queen and the entrance door is a row of officers of the Household of Equerries, in waiting, the old man next the Queen being the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Chamberlain, as deaf as a post; next to him the Vice-Chamberlain, and so on, all the way to the door.

At the moment you enter the Throne-Room, one of the pages takes your card, which is passed up, as you walk along, until it reaches the Chamberlain, who calls out your name as you approach the Queen, a line of people filing off before you and passing out at the opposite door beyond the line of standing Royalties, and a line of others following, in single file, behind you. When in front of her Majesty, you *pause*, and make the grandest and lowest curtsey you can accomplish, the Queen acknowledging your salutation with a bow. If you are a stranger, or a great favorite, the Queen takes a step forward, and holds out her hand, (a lovely little hand, as soft as velvet, and beautifully white,) and you kneel on one knee and kiss it, rising up as gracefully as you can, and passing on, with a sliding curtsey to the Princes and Princesses, and so glide out at the opposite door, without having any need to turn your back upon the Queen. As both doors communicate with the large room in which you waited, outside of the Throne-Room, you find yourself, on your exit, just where you were before you entered it.

The walking up to the Queen is the only formidable part of the ceremony, as you know that her clear, inquisitive gray eye is always withdrawn from the one who has just passed her, and is looking full upon the one who is coming in.

Besides this consciousness, which generally suffices to put new people into a flurry, there is an additional ordeal for those who are pretty well known to the lords and equerries in waiting, who make it a point to address all sorts of comical salutations, inquiries, and reflections, in a very low voice, to everybody they know, as the latter walk past them towards the Queen; and you are, therefore, if belonging to this category, compelled to make superhuman efforts to avoid bursting into the laugh with which you are splitting, and to preserve a grave face for the Queen's inspection.

As you re-enter the ante-room, two pages at the doors lift up your spreading train, and fling it hastily over your arm. You then remain, and gossip with friends, or go off, if you are lucky enough to be able to find your carriage.

The preliminaries and ceremonial, which are the same for natives and for foreigners, are also the same for both sexes, the costume alone being different in the latter case.

Ministers, members of the bar, and officers, wear their special costumes, but all others wear the stereotyped court-dress which has not been changed since the time of James II. It consists of a swallow-tailed coat of dark cloth, white waistcoat, lace ruffles down the front of the shirt and at the sleeves, knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckles. As few men appear to advantage in "shorts," this ordeal is generally dreaded; and all Englishmen in the habit of going to Court, try to get named Deputy Lieutenant, an honorary title which allows of their wearing a scarlet coat and trowsers, and so getting rid of the redoubtable "shorts." Gentlemen, *of course*, are always presented by gentlemen; and ladies by ladies. Those who have once been "presented," are understood to have the right to go to the drawing rooms when they please; but it is both an expensive and troublesome affair, especially to ladies, and unless they are connected with the Court, and obliged to present themselves often, few persons care to repeat their visit.

Of late years, the crowding has been excessive and very severe; so much so, that the Queen has lately requested that, in general, gentlemen will content themselves with sending in their cards, so that the tedious business of "passing" before the Queen may be performed only by the ladies, an arrangement which saves the Queen a good deal of fatigue.

So much for the ceremonial of a drawing-room at the old Palace of St. James'. The length of my letter compels me to postpone a description of the corresponding ceremonial observed at the French Court, and various other items which must be reserved for a future letter.

QUANTUM.

THE FORGED WILL.

A Thrilling Scene in Court, Related by Samuel Warren, F. R. S., author of "The Diary of a Late Physician," "Ten Thousand A-Year," &c., to a Gentleman of New York, as Having Occurred in his own Practice.

A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it as his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large, deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, too, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath, you *did?*"

"I did!!"

"My lord—IT'S A WAFER!!!"—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

PUZZLE.—Here is something worth studying over. We find it in an old paper—if any of our patrons can solve it, and tell the point, they are perfectly at liberty to do so:

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IMPORTANT ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON.—Washington, Dec. 21.—Orders were telegraphed to New York, on Saturday, for the Government officials to keep a sharp eye upon the steamer Tennessee, advertised to sail for San Juan on the 24th, and see that no violation of our neutrality laws is attempted.

It is also stated that orders have been issued for the arrest of Gen. Walker, C. K. Garrison, formerly agent for the Nicaraguan steamers at San Francisco, and Charles Morgan, formerly agent at New York, on a charge of unlawfully breaking up the business of the Transit Company. The order is issued at the request of the latter, who lay their total damages at $2,000,000.

Advices from Apalachicola report the arrival there of a suspicious-looking steamer, named Harriet, having on board 1,400 stand of arms, with ammunition, &c. The destination of the steamer is supposed to be Nicaragua.

Mr. Sumner is expected to arrive here to-morrow or the next day. The rooms formerly occupied by him have been engaged for him, with directions that they be got ready for his occupancy by the 20th or 21st inst.

THE GALE OF SATURDAY NIGHT.—PACKET SHIP NEW YORK ASHORE ON BARNEGAT.—THREE HUNDRED PASSENGERS IN PERIL.—NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—Telegraphic despatches from the coast represent the gale of last night as being a most fearful one, and it is feared that many disasters have occurred to the shipping bound in.

The packet ship New York, from Liverpool, with three hundred passengers on board, is reported ashore near Barnegat, dismasted.

An unknown ship is also reported ashore, and her masts gone, near the same place. The surf boats have gone to the assistance of the passengers and crew, and further particulars are anxiously expected.

9 o'clock, P. M.—It is hardly possible to obtain any further particulars from the wreck at Barnegat. The packet ship New York is ashore at a point thirty miles distant from the telegraph station. Passengers and crew are safe.

FROM CUBA.—The officer despatched by the Spanish Government to Dominica, with 6,000 stand of arms, had returned to Havana. He reports having distributed the arms to volunteers who have recently been naturalized as Spanish subjects by the Spanish Consul General of the Dominican Republic.

Santana, late President, was still in his own district having the control of several thousand men, waiting the action of the United States upon the treaty, negotiated in due form by the Dominican Republic, but interdicted by the agent of Spain, under the influence and force of the armed vessels of that nation in the harbor of St. Domingo City.

AN injunction has been issued against the Bank of Hallowell, Maine.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On Dec. 13th, the credentials of Mr. James Harlan, Senator from Iowa, with the protest of the Senate of Iowa, in relation thereto, being under consideration, it was moved to refer the subject to the Judiciary Committee, when a debate arose, in the course of which a proposition was made to refer it to a select committee, the other being politically opposed to Mr Harlan. Messrs. Hayard, Seward and Butler favored this course; Messrs Hale and Fessenden preferred the other. The vote referred the subject to the Judiciary Committee—yeas 31, nays 13.

On motion of Mr. Hale, a resolution was adopted, instructing the Committee of the Judiciary to inquire whether any further legislation is necessary to carry into effect the act regulating the compensation of members of Congress, passed in August last.

The House Bill providing for the settlement of the accounts of the officers of the Revolutionary army, and their widows and orphans, was then discussed till the adjournment.

On Dec. 16th, on motion of Mr Dodge, a resolution was adopted, calling on the Secretary of War for copies of all letters addressed to that Department, or to Wilson Shannon, late Governor of Kansas, by Col. Sumner, relative to Kansas affairs, which have not heretofore been communicated.

Mr Wilson introduced the following bill, which was referred to the Committee on Territories:

Be it enacted, etc., That the one hundred and fifty-first chapter of the "Laws of the Territory of Kansas," entitled "An act to punish offences against slave property," with all such other provisions of that code as recognize and protect slavery in said Territory, and all provisions which establish official oaths other than those specified in the organic act, or which require any test in regard to slavery or the Fugitive Slave Law, to be applied to attorneys, jurors, or voters, or which suspend the writ of habeas corpus, or which allows any other than actual residents of said Territory to vote, or which allows jurors to be selected in any other manner than by lot, or which punish citizens of said Territory by chaining them together and exposing them to labor on the public works, with iron chains and balls attached to them, be and the same are hereby declared inoperative and void.

On motion of Mr. Rusk, the joint resolution granting further time for the creditors of Texas to present their claims, and for other purposes, was taken up. Mr. Rusk explained and advocated the resolution, which extends the time to January 1st, 1858, and repeals the provision in the former act for the distribution, pro rata, of the residue to those who have filed their releases.

Mr. Benjamin thought the resolution ought not to pass, and moved its reference to the Committee on Finance, in order to a thorough investigation.

The motion was negatived, and after further debate, the matter was passed over without final action.

Mr. Fessenden introduced a bill in addition to the act more effectually to provide for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Fessenden, in explanation of the bill, said it was intended to remedy certain defects in the criminal law. It has been proved, that for the crime of manslaughter, when committed on the high seas, but the person not dying until he arrived on shore, there is no punishment. Instances have occurred where an individual committing such crime has escaped on this ground. This bill is proposed to remedy that defect. There was also an omission of a similar character with reference to the case of poisoning taking place at sea, in which the individual does not die until he reaches the shore. For this crime no punishment is provided in existing law. He alluded to the singular anomaly in criminal law, that the offence of an assault with a dangerous weapon, where death does not ensue, is now punishable by three years' imprisonment at hard labor, but the same offence, when death ensues, is punished by three years' imprisonment, without hard labor, which seems very inconsistent with justice.

On December 17th, Mr Weller gave notice that immediately after the holidays he would call up the Pacific Railroad bill, under consideration at the last session, and he indulged the hope that this important measure would command the votes of a majority of the Senate.

The consideration of Mr. Rusk's bill, allowing further time for the creditors of Texas to file their claims, was resumed.

After a debate the bill was passed.

Mr. Seward introduced a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Navy to report whether, in his opinion, it is practicable and expedient to cause steam vessels to be so constructed as to afford greater security against accidents by fire than now exists, and submit such suggestions as he may think proper for legislation on that subject.

On December 19th, Mr. Hale offered a resolution directing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of discontinuing further appropriations for the Military Asylum in the District of Columbia; what is the annual expense and the manner of supporting the soldiers there; and whether a more comfortable mode may not be adopted, at much less expense, by a direct payment in money, by boarding them at private establishments, or by affording relief in some other way. He said he had understood that the Military Asylum in this District supported 70 or 80 soldiers, at a cost of about $300 each, giving them nothing but pork and beans and the usual army rations, together with such vegetables as are raised on the place. The soldiers were likewise separated from their families; whereas a much smaller sum of money would enable better care to be taken of them at their respective homes.

Mr. Thomason, of Kentucky, suggested an amendment, which Mr. Hale accepted, extending a similar inquiry to the Military Asylum at Harrodsburg, Kentucky, and to report, if desirable to retain either, and if so, which; and further, whether the Asylum at Harrodsburg may not be beneficially removed to California. The resolution passed.

Mr. Pearce, from the Committee on the Library, reported the House Resolution, striking out the section authorizing the purchase of copies of Dr. Kane's narrative, but reserving the following, which passed:

"That the Secretary of the Navy cause to be struck and presented to Dr. E. K. Kane, his officers, and men, such appropriate medals as, in the judgment of the Secretary shall express the high estimation in which Congress hold, their respective merits and services."

Mr Stuart presented a memorial from Edward K. Collins and his associates, contractors for carrying the mails between New York and Liverpool, setting forth that the original contract will not enable them to keep up a successful competition with the British line, sustained, as it is, by an increased Government support. They express an unwillingness to surrender to England the great national ocean supremacy they have won, and desire if it must be surrendered, that it shall be done by hands other than their own; and ask, inasmuch as they embarked in the enterprise at the solicitation of our Government, that Congress may pass a law to terminate their contract and dispose of their ships, so that they may be released from the undertaking without loss. The memorial was referred to the Post Office Committee.

The President's Message was then debated till adjournment.

On Dec. 19th, Mr. Wilson, of Mass., spoke at length on the political questions of the day. His speech being an elaborate presentment and defence of the positions of the Republican party, was listened to with much attention. He commented upon the statements of the President's Message, in reference to that party, and expressed his surprise that Mr. Pugh should have invented such an excuse for the Chief Magistrate as to say his language did not apply to the Republicans, but to the Abolitionists of the Garrison school. That would not do. The President intended to arraign those in Congress who differed from him. Mr. Wilson then showed in what respect the Republican party differed from the Abolitionists. The latter desired to effect the abolition of slavery in the Southern States, by means of the Government; but the Republicans, while they would gladly see slavery abolished all over the world, do not claim the power to interfere with the institution in the Southern States.

He stated that more money and clothing had been contributed for Kansas since the election than before. There were hundreds of thousands of men in the South, he said, who sympathize with the Republicans, but who had no opportunity to express their sentiments at the ballot-box; and, in this connection, he alluded to Professor Hendricks as one, who was removed from the University of North Carolina because of his devotion to freedom.

In conclusion, he averred that the Republicans stand where Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Henry stood. They will prohibit slavery in all the Territories, but they do not claim, nor will they usurp the power of Congressional legislation to disturb or interfere with Southern rights. They will leave the matter where the Constitution left it.

Mr Brown next obtained the floor, and the Senate adjourned until Monday.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES on Dec. 15th, Mr. Ethe idge's resolution condemnatory of the re-opening of the slave trade being pending,

Messrs. Greenwood, McMullin, Smith of Va., Zollicoffer, Burnett, Bocock, and Phelps severally gave their reasons for voting in the negative, to the effect that, while they were opposed to the re-opening of the slave trade, they thought the resolution out of character and ill-timed.

Mr Phelps said he was against the abstractions of Gov. Adams.

Further explanations were objected to by many members, amid cries of "order."

The demand for the previous question was sustained by a majority, and the main question ordered by 41 majority.

Mr. Metcalfe moved to lay the resolution on the table. Disagreed to—yeas 79, nays 127.

Mr. Etheridge's resolution was then adopted. Yeas 158, nays 57, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Akers, Albright, Allen, Allison, Ball, Barbour, Barclay, Bennett of N Y, Benson, Billinghurst, Bingham, Bishop, Bliss, Bradshaw, Brenton, Broome, Buffington, Burlingame, Cadwalader, Campbell of Penna, Campbell of Ohio, Chaffee, Clarke, Clark, Jr, Clawson, Colfax, Comins, Cragin, Cullen, Cumback, Damrell, Davis of Illinois, Davis of Massachusetts, Day, Dean, De Witt, Dick, Dickson, Dodd, Durfee, Edie, Edwards, Emrie, English, Etheridge, Flagler, Fuller of Maine, Gallowey, Giddings, Gilbert, Granger, Grow, Hall of Iowa, Hall of Massachusetts, Harlan, Harris of Ill, Harrison, Haven, Hickman, Hodges, Hoffman, Holloway, Horton of N Y, Horton of Ohio, Howard, Hugston, Jones of Penna, Kelley, Kelsey, Kennett, King, Knapp, Knight, Knowlton, Knox, Kunkel, Letter, Mace, Alex K Marshall of Kentucky, Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky, Marshall of Ill, Matteson, McCarty, Miller of N Y, Miller of Ind, Millward, Moore, Morgan, Morrill, Morrison, Mott, Murray, Nichols, Norton, Oliver of N Y, Packer, Paine, Parker, Pearce, Peck, Pelton, Pennington, Perry, Pettit, Pike, Porter, Pringle, Purviance, Purvear, Ready, Ricaud, Ritchie, Rivers, Robbins, Roberts, Robison, Sabin, Sage, Sapp, Scott, Sherman, Simmons, Smith of Ala, Spinner, Stanton, Stranahan, Swope, Tappan, Thorington, Thurston, Todd, Tyson, Underwood, Vail, Valk, Wade, Wakeman, Walbridge, Waldron, Washburne of Wis, Washburne of Maine, Whitney, Williams, Wood, Woodruff, Woodworth and Zollicoffer.

Nays—Messrs. Aiken, Bandsdale, Bennett of Miss, Boyce, Brooks, Burnett, Campbell of Ky, Caruthers, Caskie, Clingman, Cobb of Ala, Crawford Davidson, Denver, Dowdell, Edmundson, Elliott, Eustis, Evans, Florence, Foster, Garnett, Greenwood, Harris, Herbert, Houston, Jewett, Jones of Tenn, Kedt, Lake, Letcher, Lumpkin, Maxwell, McMullin, Mellnees, Oliver of Mo, Orr, Phelps, Powell, Quitman, Ruffin, Savage, Shorter, Smith of Tenn, Smith of Va, Sneed, Stephens, Talbott, Taylor, Trippe, Walker, Warner, Winslow of Miss, and Wright of Tenn.

Mr. Orr, under a suspension of the rules, submitted a resolution that it is inexpedient, unwise and contrary to the settled policy of the United States to repeal the laws prohibiting the African slave trade.

The resolution was adopted—yeas 133.

Nays—Messrs. Biddle, Bennett of Miss, Brooks, Keitt, Quitman, Shorter, Walker, and Wright of Miss—8.

On Dec. 16th, various bills were reported from the Committees.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, reported a bill amending the 25th section of the Tariff Act of 1842, so as to prohibit the importation of indecent and obscene prints, transparencies, statuettes, &c., the parties offending to be proceeded against by due course of law, and the articles to be destroyed.

The bill was taken up and passed.

On motion of Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, the further consideration of the bill reducing the duties on imports, and for other purposes, reported at the last session, was postponed till the first Tuesday in January.

The House then resumed the debate on the Annual Message of the President, which continued till the adjournment.

On Dec. 17th, fifteen thousand extra copies of the Secretary of the Treasury's Report on the finances were ordered to be printed.

The discussion on the President's Message was then resumed, and continued till adjournment.

On Dec. 18th, twenty thousand copies of the President's Message and accompanying documents were ordered to be printed.

The Message was then discussed till adjournment.

On December 19th, various Senate bills, lying over from the last session, were referred to the appropriate Committees.

The bill which passed the Senate at the last session, authorizing the people of Kansas to form a Constitution and State Government, preparatory to admission into the Union, on an equal footing with the original States, was referred to the Committee on Territories.

On motion, three days, from the third Tuesday of January, were set apart for the consideration of Territorial business.

THE VOTE FOR PRESIDENT—1856.

IN THE FREE STATES.

	Fremont.	Buchanan.	Fillmore.	Total.
Maine,	65,344	39,035	3,251	108,282
New Hampshire,	39,158	30,307	414	71,179
Vermont,	39,561	10,577	511	50,549
Massachusetts,	108,190	39,240	19,626	167,026
Rhode Island,	11,467	6,680	1,675	19,822
Connecticut,	42,715	31,995	2,615	80,325
New York,	274,705	195,878	124,004	593,187
New Jersey,	28,281	46,943	24,115	99,409
Pennsylvania,	147,359	230,154	82,178	459,692
Ohio,	187,497	170,874	28,125	385,496
Michigan,	71,762	52,139	1,592	125,481
Indiana,	94,816	118,672	22,286	236,274
Illinois,	96,250	101,220	37,451	238,010
Wisconsin,	66,692	52,847	570	119,539
Iowa,	41,127	54,211	9,144	99,812
*California,	16,741	42,489	29,027	87,808
Total,	1,333,306	1,212,601	397,543	2,933,750

* Not full.

Fremont over Buchanan, 120,705; Fremont over Fillmore, 945,468; Buchanan over Fillmore, 842,758.

IN THE SLAVE STATES.

	Fremont.	Buchanan.	Fillmore.	Total.
Delaware,	306	6,093	5,175	14,561
Maryland,	281	39,115	47,402	86,558
Virginia,	291	90,975	60,020	150,205
North Carolina,	—	48,246	38,880	88,132
*South Carolina,	—	35,000	15,000	50,000
Georgia,	—	56,317	42,379	98,696
Florida,	—	6,358	4,853	11,211
Alabama,	—	46,517	28,857	75,374
Mississippi,	—	35,668	24,490	60,155
Louisiana,	—	22,164	20,709	42,873
Texas,	—	28,757	15,244	44,001
Arkansas,	—	21,993	10,816	32,734
Tennessee,	—	73,638	66,178	139,816
Kentucky,	359	72,917	65,823	139,108
Missouri,	—	58,164	48,524	106,688
Total,	1,247	643,559	492,117	1,137,723

* Estimated.

Buchanan over Fillmore, 150,242; over both, 148,995.

RECAPITULATION—FREE AND SLAVE.

	Free States.	Slave States.	Total.	Electors.
Buchanan,	1,212,601	643,359	1,855,960	174
Fremont,	1,333,306	1,247	1,334,553	114
Fillmore,	387,843	492,117	880,960	*
Total,	2,933,750	1,137,723	4,071,473	288

Buchanan over Fremont in all 521,407; Fremont over Fillmore, 443,593; Fremont and Fillmore over Buchanan, 359,553.

The above tables are nearly all official. California alone is not fully heard from; but her complete returns, though they will slightly increase the aggregate vote, will not vary the proportions.

REMOVAL OF JUDGE LECOMPTE.—Washington, Dec. 17.—The truth of the removal of Judge Lecompte is now confirmed by the nomination, by the President to the Senate, of James O. Harrison, of Kentucky, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas. The removal was contemplated at least forty days ago, of which, it is said, that Judge Lecompte was aware, but up to this time nothing has been heard from him in defence of his official conduct. The recent proofs and representations of Governor Geary determined the course of the Administration in the premises.

William Spencer is likewise nominated as Marshal of Kansas, vice Donelson, and Thomas Cunningham, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in the place of Judge Burrill, deceased.

COLD SEASON AND CONSEQUENT FAMINE IN LAPLAND.—A Stockholm paper gives the following account of the destitute condition of Lapland:

"The intelligence which we receive from Lapland is very deplorable. The severe cold which prevailed during the month of August, destroyed nearly all the crops, which is almost an irremediable misfortune there, where there are no means of communication. The Laplanders are in great alarm, foreseeing a famine in the winter. The temperature in Lapland presented most extraordinary variations this year, severe cold having prevailed in July and August, whereas September and the beginning of October were as warm as summer."

BAFFLING THE FRENCH POLICE.—Incendiary handbills are constantly affixed to the walls of Paris, and that too, during the day-time, notwithstanding the continual presence of the police. To discover the mode in which it is done, defeats the ingenuity of the officials, till some accident betrays the offender; and then the detected artifice is abandoned, and a new one employed. A rag picker was recently observed to rest his basket against a wall. When he removed there was one of the terrible placards staring at all passers by, and defying the Emperor's myrmidons. Examination of the basket revealed a little urchin, who operated through the door in the wicker-work.

DR. KANE AT ST. THOMAS, W. I.—A letter in the New York Herald notices the arrival of Dr. E. K. Kane, at that island, on the night of the 3d instant, from England. The Doctor is reported as looking poorly, as if suffering from consumption. He will remain a couple of weeks, and then proceed to Havana, Cuba.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE vote of the whole Union at the Presidential election foots up 1,824,706 for Buchanan; 870,146 for Fillmore; 1,338,815 for Fremont.—From these totals, some counties in California are omitted—the returns not having been received.

ALBANY, Dec. 18.—The State Temperance Convention met this morning at the Capitol. E. C. Delevan presiding. The attendance is fair in numbers, and highly respectable, many of the oldest and most influential temperance men of the State being present.

POTTSVILLE, Dec. 18.—A shocking accident occurred last evening, about 6 o'clock, at the house of Mr. Kimmer, of this place. A fluid lamp exploded, and the flames communicating to the dress of Miss Kimmer, she was burned to death in about five minutes. Her father and mother, in endeavoring to extinguish the flames, were badly burned in the hands.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—An expedition for Nicaragua, composed of 500 Irishmen, is being fitted out here. They will proceed via Omoa, Honduras.

JACOB M. HALDEMAN, Esq., of Harrisburg, died very suddenly, at his residence in that place, on Monday evening week, of apoplexy.—The Harrisburg Telegraph says that he was seated, at the time, in his office, engaged in conversing with one of his sons, to whom but a moment previous to the fatal event, in reply to a question relative to his health, he remarked that he "never felt better in his life." Mr. Haldeman was one of the wealthiest men in the interior of Pennsylvania.

"A FEW days since, great horror was excited in one of our cities, because the top of a cellar being accidentally laid bare, three little living infants were found there in bed." So says the Philadelphia Ledger, in a grave leading article. The "living infants" were *mice*, discovered by a local editor in Chicago, who was anxious for a sensation item.—*Cin. Com.*

A PART of a family descended from Cromwell, it is said, live in Clay county, Indiana. They are farmers, rather above mediocrity, in their vicinity. Intelligent, and in full possession of the family history—they still keep up the name of Oliver in every family. Oliver Cromwell V. now lies in the cemetery at Bowling Green. He died there an aged, respected and venerated citizen of Clay county, in 1855. If France did not find the missing Dauphin in Eleazer Williams, England can find her Cromwells in the Hoosier State.

A VERY pretty and interesting lady has been doing a considerable business in Baltimore, Md., by claiming one man after another as her husband. So positive and pertinacious was she that she extorted sums of $10, $25 and $50 from several individuals, to whom, for these amounts, she agreed to relinquish her legal rights. When last seen, she was starting for Philadelphia, to get evidence, as she said, of her marriage with an old resident of Baltimore, whom she boldly claimed as her husband in presence of his wife and daughters.

THE Message of John Ross, President of the Cherokee Nation, gives a favorable exhibit of Cherokee affairs. He recommends a retrocession of the neutral lands, to raise urgently needed funds, and complains of the tampering with the slaves by the Agents of the American Board of Missions, as an unwarrantable interference.

A STRANGER in Naples, while reading a theatre bill in the street, had his hat stolen from his head. He turned round with astonishment to discover the thief. The real but unsuspected rogue continued standing at his side, holding the stolen hat tight in his hands, and said compassionately and coolly to the Englishman: "Sir, you should have done as I am doing, and then you would have kept your hat."

TOBACCO is grown in Ohio, and at the last meeting of the Agricultural Society of that State, a resolution was offered, requesting the State Board of Agriculture to offer a premium for the article. It was, however, laid on the table.

HUNTINGTON is now on trial in New York, there being twenty-seven indictments against him for forgery. During the proceedings on Tuesday week, it is said he was apparently as unconcerned as any ordinary spectator. In appearance, he is about two or three and thirty years old—rather flashy, incomparable in moustache, clothed in unexceptionable apparel—wearing lavender-colored gloves of the model make. Of course he was the observed of all observers, and he evidently felt the necessity of being prepared for the occasion.

GREAT are the mysteries of Ocean Postage. It costs more now to send an ounce of paper to Europe than it does to send a barrel of flour. A man may have a state room; eat, drink, sleep and lounge all over the ship, and yet a quiet mail-bag that has stood all the time in a dark corner, is charged seven times as much passage-money as he is!

A PORTION of the members of the Church of the Epiphany,

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"How we Coaled Ship in Kamtschatka."

The day after our visit to the village, Le Tailleur reported a sufficient amount of coal as being ready for embarkation, and all hands and boats were consequently devoted to that work. We soon found it to be anything but a pleasant job, however, for having to carry the boats to the very foot of the coal strata in order to fill them, and then to pull back over the mud flat to deep water, the tide often got the start of us and left us sprinkled about over said mud flat, sometimes with full boats, sometimes with empty ones, and *always* with the pleasant alternative of remaining in the boats to be half frozen, or of walking through the cold mud to the distant fire. Moreover, there was all that *time* lost, besides straining the boats if they happened to be full when thus left "high and dry" by the ebbing tide, and our boats were valuable in that out-of-the-way part of the world, more particularly as every day that passed only served to strengthen our minds in the conviction that the "old John" herself, was destined to play us a trick before we could get her safely into our destined port of San Francisco. We were therefore naturally disposed to be tender with our boats so that we might have them to *depend on*, when the old John should founder, turn turtle, drift upon a lee shore, or indulge in any similar unpleasant description of recreation.

It was soon consequently determined that some shorter process would have to be resorted to, for under the first arrangement we had to pull so far with our loaded boats before reaching the ships, that by the time the coal could be hoisted on board and the boat sent back, the tide would be falling, and she consequently likely to ground on the flat before getting half way to the mines. It was therefore thought best to get the ship herself underway every morning at daylight, and to run into as little as three fathoms, hovering along the edge of the mud flat as it were, as long as the boats could pass back and forth, and then return to the anchorage under Shag Rock as soon as the tides should fall too low to let us move the boats any longer.

This apparently rational course had no sooner been determined upon, than it became evident *that we should have to consult the state of* the tides in the selection of our working hours, and so as it was commonly low water during the days, and high water during the nights, we reversed our habits of life, and began to sleep during the former and to work and eat during the latter. Fortunately these latter were not of long duration, as the twilight lasted until near eleven o'clock, and the early dawn began to lighten the eastern horizon about three hours later. But it was still very hard upon both officers and crew, and when at the end of five days the coal bunkers were proclaimed full, and the boats had been hoisted up, the captain looked upon his exhausted ship's company and had the word passed for the next twenty-four hours to be devoted to a resting spell, instead of to the continuation of the survey, as we had all feared.

As I looked around the decks and saw the weather-beaten form of the old forecastleman, and the half developed frame of the youthful "ship's boy" stretched side by side in the long continued sleep of protracted labor, I could not but rejoice at the order which granted such necessary repose.

We had found little or no difficulty in getting out the coal ready for shipment, but our boats were so small, and the tides so uncertain, that we had been induced to press into service, the head-man of the village, the "entire population," and a huge skin launch of theirs which with proper management might have been made to carry at a single load as much as all of our boats put together; but after the first trip the old fellow imagined that the coal would soon cut through her bottom, and consequently refused to lend her any more. We tried to bribe him by the offer of tobacco by the pounds, and even added a bottle of brandy, but he made signs that his boat and harpoons were their only means of killing seal, the meat of which was one of their chief articles of food, and we of course could not think of forcing him to hire her against his will. We had therefore to fall back upon our own boats, the consequence of which was, that the work progressed slowly and laboriously.

This boat which our head-man was so fearful of injuring, is well worthy of a passing description.

She was, in the first place, built entirely of the skins of wild animals and long withe-like poles; the former being sewed together with waterproof stitches, while the latter were twisted, and bent, and doubled, and tied until they had assumed very much the appearance of the frame of an ordinary boat that is just ready for planking.

In sewing the skin together they used sharpened pieces of bone for needles, and fibres of the sinews of wild animals for thread, and the regularity of the stitches thus made was really astonishing. When they had thus connected together some forty or fifty skins in one immense sheet, they encased the frame in it, and then allowed it to dry; and in drying, it hardened like rawhide, after which they told us that it never became loose or soft any more, as long as they took proper care of it.

This particular boat was about forty or fifty feet long, of some seven or eight feet breadth of beam, drew only one or two inches of water when no one was in her, and carried her gunwales some three or four feet out of the water; singular to say, she did not seem at all top-heavy. A dozen or more two-inch poles were lashed from gunwale to gunwale, and these latter were the only things in the shape of seats that she offered, and on these sat the rowers, having under them a thick piece of bear-skin to add to their comfort. The head man himself steered her with a long trailing oar, and found a similarly uncomfortable seat on either quarter. She floated on the water with the lightness of a cork, and had the most singular ways of twisting herself about, bending her back over the short seas, seeming to be giving away under one, &c., of any boat I ever took passage in.

Upon one occasion, Vel Lager and myself were anxious to go on shore while there was but one of the ship's boats alongside, and the head-man noticing our disappointment*, made signs to the effect that if we would get into his machine with a bottle of brandy in our pocket, he would give us a passage; so we, for want of a better conveyance, provided ourselves as he had requested, and stepped over the side.

There was no wind blowing at the time, but there were still the same old swells setting in through the channel, and as we rode lightly over them, she felt, to us who had been used to our ungiving boats, as if she would break her back at every jump. She would bend as much as fifteen or twenty degrees, and if you happened to slip anywhere save on one of the timbers, the skin would sink under the foot, and cause you to catch for the gunwale under the suddenness of the impression that you had found a hole, and were about to drop through. Then her motion was so very supple and snake-like that one could not for some time get rid of the idea that *something was wrong*, and that it behooved him to keep a sharp look-out. Altogether, she was a *most singular specimen* of naval architecture, almost as singular as the "old John" herself.

At length we found ourselves safely on shore, with the head-man in a fine flow of spirits, and the bottle half empty from the *constant* flow to which *it* had been subjected. He had attacked it at almost every stroke of the oars, evidently working upon the old adage of "not leaving for to-morrow what can be done to-day." How did that adage get to Kamtschatka?

The importance of coal to the world at large, has been so fully demonstrated within the last few years, that its discovery in unknown localities must ever be a source of interest and gratification to nine people out of ten. It may be well, therefore, before closing this letter, to mention a few facts in regard to the quality of this, which we discovered along the wilds of Kamtschatka.

Most of that which came under our *inspection* was what is understood as "surface coal," but the last of that which we took on board came from a very fair depth, and looked bright and glittering accordingly. It was semi-bituminous, of two or three different degrees of excellence, and burned with a bright blue flame, emitting little or no smell of sulphur, very little smoke for bituminous coal, and leaving few cinders and ashes. Much of it, upon being broken open, was found to contain a bright substance, resembling amber, pieces of which, as large as a buck-shot, sometimes fell out when it was fractured. As a general thing, however, it prevailed in veins of greater or less extent.

This bright substance we took to be pyrites, but whether the sulphuret of iron, copper, cobalt, or nickel, we were unable to say. A practiced mineralogist was often greatly wanted. We were sorry to meet with this sulphuret, as coal in which it is found is more or less liable to spontaneous combustion, and we had no relish for having another of the elements arrayed against the slim chance which the "old John" held out, of ever landing us safely in San Francisco. We considered that we already had enough of fire in the furnaces, without bringing any more of it on board in a latent state.

I have said that this coal burned with a bright blue flame, gave out little or no sulphur, made very little smoke, and left few ashes; and that was actually the case when it was piled on the blazing fire that kept us warm while engaged in digging it out, but as soon as it was tried in our small flue furnaces its nature seemed to undergo an entire change. Instead of burning brightly, it smoked, and smothered, and ran away into clinker, and smelt of sulphur in a most provoking and *choking* manner, the consequence of which was that it got up steam very slowly, kept it up very poorly, choked the flues with soot so as to cause us to haul fires about every six hours to clean them out, and accomplished generally a vast deal that was provoking to our tempers, fatal to the health of the firemen, and detrimental to the work of the expedition.

As far as our experience extended therefore, we were forced to the conclusion that that particular coal would never be of much value as far as small flue boilers were concerned, although it might burn well in furnaces adapted to soft coal, in the open air, or in a blacksmith's forge. In fact we did use it quite successfully in both the latter cases.

Upon our arrival in San Francisco we still had several tons of it on board, which was turned over to the Navy Yard to be experimented with on board of some one of the ocean mail steamers, but what results were ever arrived at, I have never been able to learn. I *suppose*, however, that no one has felt sufficient interest in the question, to give it a trial.

* One boat at least is generally kept alongside of a man-of-war, in case of any one falling overboard.

SONG OF FAIRIES ROBBING AN ORCHARD.

[Translated by Leigh Hunt, from some Latin verses in the old English drama of "Amyntas, or the Impossible Dowry:"]

We, the Fairies, lithe and antic,
Of dimensions not gigantic;
Though the moonshine mostly keep us,
Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

Stolen sweets are always sweetest,
Stolen kisses much completest,
Stolen looks are nice in chapels,
Stolen, stolen be your apples.

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then's the time for orchard robbing:
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling,
Were it not for stealing, stealing.

THINGS I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—A fashionable bootmaker who was not "from Paris.

A gentleman who was not a self-constituted inspector of ladies bonnet linings.

A business man, how soever great his hurry, who would not stop to watch feminine ankles climb in and out of omnibuses.

A man who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet, or put on her cloak or shawl without crushing her bonnet or hair, or be good-natured when he was sick, or had cut his chin when shaving, or had to wait ten minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever "refused" by a lady.

A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out *first* in front of the looking-glass.

An author who did not feel nervous at the idea of examining trunk linings and parcel wrappers.

A handsome child who did not grow up to be homely.

A woman who was not *at heart* inimical to her own sex.

A married man who could give the right hand of fellowship to a wife's old lover; or take a hint from the toe of her slipper, under the table, before company.

A milliner who could be bribed to make a bonnet to cover the head.

A husband's relative who could speak well of his wife.

A doctor who had not more patients than he could attend to.

A school teacher whose interest in his pupil was not graduated by the standing of their parents or the length of their purse.

A washerwoman who ever lost an article of clothing.

An old maid who was not so from choice.

☞ FORMALITY.—The more polished the society, the less formality there is in it.

☞ Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY B. HIRST,

AUTHOR OF "ENDYMION," "PENANCE OF ROLAND," &c., &c., &c.

It was Christmas Eve.

The clock was on the last stroke of twelve; slowly, slowly the echoes of its chime came back from the minster walls, and the rook-colonied turrets of the quaint old city, which lay, as it were, snoring—in its bells, like one of its grand, old, round, red-faced burgomasters during his after-dinner nap; while the great finale of the fine, old German hymn—

"All good Christians, praise the Lord,"

sank silently away in the distance.

There was a slight crisping and crackling of the ice, under the feet of the watchman of the town, who, as he strode along, chanted in measured manner, his—

"Past twelve o'clock. Good-night."

Encased in heavy hose, with his staff of office in hand, he proceeded measuredly, and with great dignity, on his path.

"Past twelve o'clock. Good-night."

It was a bitter, bitter night. The old man, however, did not seem to feel the frost, and his hands were encased in heavy woven mittens; his feet in still heavier socks, with thick soles. His fur cap was also covered with a knitted woolen hood, which he had drawn tightly around his ears.

"Past twelve o'clock. Good-night."

His retreating footsteps fell fainter and fainter on the growing ice, and at last, were gone.

"Past twelve o'clock. Good-night."

All was silence. The pallid moon seemed to tremble, and the stars to shiver, with the cold.

I thought of the poor, and I was faint.

I imagined I heard a sound: I had; I was not mistaken. The guard, at the town gates, must have fallen asleep, at his post—for a stranger, in the dead hour of the night, when every tavern was closed, walked slowly up the principal street.

An invisible terror seemed to grasp me; I shuddered and held my breath.

His appearance was not of our times; rather classic—that of many centuries before. His dress was oriental—the gown reaching to his feet, of a dark crimson, while over his shoulders fell, in statuesque drapery, a heavy mantle of blue. From his neck was suspended a cruise of water, or wine, and a wallet, evidently intended to contain food, swung at his side. In his right hand he held a staff, surmounted by a cross. His legs and feet were bare. *It was strange*; but walking in the densest shadow, he was visible. A dim light seemed to encircle him. His step had a rhythm in it. His head was bare, with a forehead—broad, white, luminous in the night. His hair was of a dark glossy chestnut, parted in the middle, and falling in heavy hyacinthine curls down his back, and over his shoulders. Despite the frigidity of the atmosphere, I detected a peculiar fragrance in the air, which I had never smelt before. His nose was divided between the aquiline and Grecian, finely chiselled. His mouth was soft, tender and gentle in expression as a woman's—could we imagine that woman to be the Mother of the blessed Saviour. His beard, which was not worn long, was parted in the centre, like the hair on his head, and *rested on either side* of his robe.

So far, the stranger had been traversing the manufacturing part of the old town—the lower, or river side; but he was now approaching the dwelling houses of the citizens.

I followed him, in silence, on the opposite side of the way. Beneath me, lay the ice-bound river, and above me, spread dense branches of oak and pine and larch, all talking to themselves. Not a sound else.

He paused before a door. I followed him, like a disciple; why I know not. Stretching forth the cross he held in his right hand, he touched the door. It opened. He entered; it closed on both of us. There were no lights in the room, yet all was light, astral, subdued, heavenly, calm. On the massive old German chimney, two on either side, hung four infants' stockings, while a heavy, dragon-footed old walnut table, which might have descended from the days of Hermann, supported an evergreen tree, with a shrine, and in that shrine a plaster Saviour, and before it twelve wax tapers, ready for the morning service. But the tree was as yet undecorated, and the stockings were empty.

"All this," said he, and it was the first time he had spoken, and how strangely musical was his voice! "All this," said he, "in honor of me."

The doors opened before him, and he passed onward and upward: he knew every step of the stairs.

We were in the blacksmith's chamber. There lay the good old man, with one brown, brawny arm lovingly enfolding the neck of his rosy-cheeked frau, and the other lying at length, his shirt sleeve half rolled up, on the snowy counterpane. He was evidently dreaming of his unfinished tree down stairs, for he sang in his sleep—

"All good Christians, praise the Lord."

"All this in honor of me," repeated the stranger. "Blessed are the poor and the lowly of heart, for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

He turned toward the humble settles, on which, in cleanly flock beds, lay the blacksmith's babes.

"Christkindlein!" murmured one, in its innocent dreams.

"Christ loves *me*,' whispered another.

"Christ loves all little children," uttered the three in chorus.

"All this in honor of me," again said the stranger, and extending his hands above them, breathed a benediction, and stooping, he kissed them, one and all, and turned and went. I mechanically followed. As he emerged from the door-way, he gazed again upon the dwelling, and with uplifted hands, exclaimed:

"Peace be upon this house!"

His way now lay along a wall, carefully guarded by massive spikes of iron. Presently he reached the gates. He stretched forth the cross, and without a sound, the mighty barriers rolled back on their hinges. There was the porter's house, with a ruddy flame twirling and twisting itself into all sorts of salamandrine shapes on the wide hearth, throwing a deep warmth on a face almost as crimson as itself. The porter slept in his huge, leather-cushioned, old black walnut chair, his meerschaum lying beside him on the table, where a couple of long-necked, orange-colored bottles called up the departed spirits of many a flagon of *Marcobrunner* and *Lieberfrauenmilch*. The old old man's dogs were warm in their kennels. The stranger passed on. I guessed the reason: the porter was a bachelor.

Along the gravel walk, up the marble steps, through the great door, down the hall, up the gigantic stairway of the princely mansion, for it was a prince's mansion he had invaded, walked the man. He stood in the bed-chamber of the heir of a ducal crown, and that of his gentle sister.

They were beautiful beings—those children, as they lay on their downy couches, covered with heavy silken quilts and rich furs to keep from their tender limbs even the slight degree of cold which might penetrate that perfumed apartment. The boy was stout, vigorous, almost manly—a model for a baby Hercules. The girl, pale, delicate, with flowing golden hair, one or two sunny ringlets of which had stolen from beneath her lace cap, to sleep with herself on the satin pillow.

He stooped and kissed the boy on the forehead, and turned toward the sister, letting his cross slide, unconsciously to himself from his hand until it rested on the breast of the youth. The child stirred in his sleep.

"Thou wilt have to bear many crosses, my child," murmured he; "the life of a ruler is not altogether strewn with roses, and bowing himself to the other cradle, he disengaged its inmate from the drapery, and raising her, kissed her upon the lips and blessed her.

There was a tear in his serene eye as he laid her down, and walked majestically away.

Then saw I that the Princess was destined to a heavenly throne beside the Lamb of God.

He was again in the streets. From mansion to hovel, from noble to peasant, from burgomaster to constable, he walked and visited each in turn.

He stood in the chamber of a house—a room redolent with the decayed fumes of tobacco and the smell of still viler brantwein. On an unmade couch lay the restless form of a man. He tossed, and tossed. The cold sweat stood in big drops on his forehead.

"I will be revenged," muttered he through his clenched teeth, while his muscular hand seemed to grasp an imaginary knife; "I will have his blood."

The stranger placed his hand upon the man's heart.

"The Saviour have mercy on me," cried the man in his dream; "I was mad; I knew not what I said."

"Go," said he, "go, and sin no more;" and the Benign Being walked to his child, whom he also blest, and left.

When he reached the quarter especially set off and enclosed for the Jews, he paused before the strongly-guarded gates and gazed. The vigilant officers of the town, as was their wont, slept on their posts, trusting the Children of Israel to themselves, and the security of bolt and bar.

The stranger stood in silence, an expression of sublime sorrow almost transfiguring his features.

"Alas! alas!" said he, "I came among ye, and ye know me not, and now ye must await my second coming!" and passing swiftly away, he sought the East, whence he came, just as the gray day became visible behind the distant hills.

There was great joy in the old town on the next day. Such clasping of hands and forgiveness of old quarrels, such immemorial recollections of many old Christmases, of whom the gray-bearded Chapel Meister, as he blew the froth from his mug of beer, stood like a snow-clad pine in *memoriam* of the Past.

I said there was great joy in the old town, for all felt as if a blessing had fallen on their neighbors, and each one blessed each one again, and was blessed again and again in return.

And the blacksmith's children—curly-pated, flaxen-headed rogues!—with their beautiful dream; how a dazzling stranger, *bearing* a cross, had been with them, bent over their beds and kissed them, and blessed them. And, sooth to say, too, their eyes were brighter, their cheeks ruddier, their steps more elastic in the Christmas dance, than they had ever been before.

"My children," said the blacksmith, "I am very, very happy, for you saw the good Christ in your dreams. He came to me, too, at my bedside."

And the Duke, too, was happier when he heard his young heir tell his brave dream of the strange, bright man who came between him and Alida, and after blessing him, let fall his cross upon his breast; and how he strove to put it away; and how quietly he took it up, and what he said.

"Christ always speaks truth, my son," said the father; "be virtuous, strong, and conquer."

But when the Prince heard the flageolet-like voice of his fairy Alida, in relation of her story, he turned aside and covered his face, for he now knew what he had long since feared, that the Saviour demanded his own.

It was the first cross which the brother had to bear.

"How now, Hans, old fellow? stop a minute—don't bear malice," said a sturdy artisan, to his neighbor. "I have come in search of you, to ask you to forgive me on this blessed day. I was over-wroth, heated, drunken with wine; but, mein bruder, mein bruder, I loved you so for all!"

"Heinrich, dear Heinrich!" cried the other, throwing himself into his friend's imploring arms, the hot tears of repentance rolling down both their cheeks, "not so; no; it was my fault—mine—all mine! But the good Saviour, and, Heinrich, I had not even said my prayers, came to my couch, and laid his hand upon my heart, and told me to 'Go and sin no more!'"

"He is a good Christ—our Lord and Saviour, and always with us, and always watchful over us!" And with one accord, the re-united friends fell on their knees, and broke forth in the old, inspiring hymn:

"All good Christians, praise the Lord!"

And I, too, was I not happy? Had I not a vision of Christ?

Philadelphia, Dec. 17th, 1856.

A GOOD ARBITRATOR.—Two men had a dispute, which should repair a partition fence separating their fields, and through which the cattle found their way. After the usual preliminaries of demands, refusals, threats, and mutual recrimination, they resolved to try the glorious uncertainty of the law—they were, however, persuaded by their friends, to the more amicable mode of submitting the question to the final determination of a worthy and intelligent neighbor, who was forthwith conducted to the scene of trouble. Here, after hearing the arguments of both parties, he told them that the subject demanded deliberation, and it would take some time to decide, he would just clap a few pieces of boards over the holes, and in ten minutes time with his own hands, he effectually closed every gap. The parties silently retired, and the umpire has never been called upon to pronounce judgment in the case.

☞ Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play; "but" said another of the company, "I have fourteen good reasons against gaming." "What are they?" said another. "In the first place," answered he, "I have no money." "Oh!" said the other, "if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another."

☞ Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The moon shone full across the heaving bay,
Spanning its waters with a path of light,
And, softened by the distance, far away
The light-house lamps gleamed starlike on the night.

Often the shadowy outline of a sail
Passed phantom-like across the shining way,
And the fast rising waves, with solemn wail
Flashed on the shore, and sobbed themselves away.

And often from some anchored ship was heard
A lonesome voice—a melancholy cry,
The homesick plaining of some prisoned bird
Brought, by the sailors, from a foreign sky.

In the broad moonlight, on the solemn shore,
Two dreamers stood, in silence, side by side,
Heard the near murmur, and the distant roar,
Saw the lights burn, and watched the vessels glide.

Her weary feet had walked a tiresome road
Of fruitless sacrifice and wasted tears,
While crown-like on his regal forehead glowed
The brightening kisses of his few fresh years.

"Alas, alas," she whispered tearfully,
"My heart is like thee, poor imprisoned bird,
Only its anguished cry for liberty
Dies on my lips, unuttered and unheard!"

He said, "We will go forth, my soul and I,
Unmarred by folly, undismayed by strife,
And, strong in youth and faith, build fair and high
The broad foundation of a noble life!"

The rising tide sung proudly—"I will be!"—
The bird's wild plaining answered—"I have been."
He only heard the future's voice—and she
Turned to her wasted past, and wept again.

—*Portland Transcript.*

CHECKED PERSPIRATION.

There are two kinds of perspiration—*sensible* and *insensible*. When we see drops of water on the surface of the body as the result of exercise, or subsidence of fever, that is *sensible perspiration*—perspiration recognised by the sense of sight. But when perspiration is so gentle that it cannot be detected in the shape of water-drops, when no moisture can be felt, when it is known to us only by a certain *softness* of the skin, that is *insensible* perspiration, and is so gentle that it may be checked to a very considerable extent without special injury. But to use popular language which cannot be mistaken, when a man is sweating freely, and it is suddenly checked, and the sweat is not brought out again in a very few moments, sudden and painful sickness is a very certain result.

What, then, checks perspiration? A draft of air while we are at rest, after exercise, or getting the clothing wet and remaining at rest while it is so. Getting out of a warm bed and going to an open door or window, has been the death of multitudes.

A lady heard the cry of fire at midnight; it was bitter cold; it was so near, the flames illuminated her chamber. She left the bed, hoisted the window; the cold chilled her in a moment. From that hour until her death, a quarter of a century later, she never saw a well day.

A young lady went to her window in her night clothes to look at something in the street, leaning her unprotected arms on the stone window-sill, which was damp and cold. She became an invalid, and will remain so for life.

Sir Thomas Colby, being in a profuse sweat one night, happened to remember that he had left the key of his wine cellar on the parlor table, and fearing his servants might improve the inadvertence and drink some of his wine, he left his bed, walked down stairs, the sweating process was checked, from which he died in a few days, leaving six millions of dollars in English funds. His illness was so brief and violent, that he had no time to make his will, and his immense property was divided among five or six day laborers who were his nearest relatives.

The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader, is this:—When you are perspiring freely, *keep in motion* until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft of air whatever.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.—First came a body of generals and other officers, their cocked-hats and plumes, their drawn swords and golden medals glittering in the sunlight; then followed the band, with the drum-major and his imposing baton. How the clear notes of the trumpets, the long roll of the drums, echo through the vast streets as the multitude passes on! The heavy steady tramp of thousands of men makes the solid earth shake beneath our feet; as they descend the hill-side we see regiment after regiment filing around, and the cold sharp points of the bayonets glitter like the dragon's teeth from which their prototypes sprang forth. The little vivandiere too! Look at her; in her tight military jacket and trowsers, and her incredibly little boots; slight and agile, but upright as the stiffest of the soldiers, she marches behind the band, her tiny feet keeping a mocking time with the heavy tread behind. With one hand in her breast, the other on the dagger at her side, her black bright eye and dark sun-burnt complexion, beautifully regular features, and her careless, fearless look, she seems the very genius, of war; as graceful as a young panther and as dangerous. But let us not wrong the vivandiere. Many a dying and wounded soldier has thanked God for the glass of eau-de-vie from that little keg at her back. On the long march and the bloody battle-field she is often the only one who thinks or cares for their wants. No wonder the poor fellows love and even respect her—the only thing near to remind them that there are in the world such things as wives, and mothers, and sisters.—*Notes in Marseilles.*

A POETIC PICTURE OF LONDON.—Do you know a city, reader, with miles, thousands of miles of streets; with houses—huge blocks of brute matter, pierced with holes, no more, as far as regards any hidden laws of beauty; yet at twilight toning down into grandeur, and at midnight massing into mountains of black marble, with a monotonous splendor of repetition worthy of Hades, and not to be matched this side of Purgatory. For buttresses of shadow, and rank and file of colossal darkness veiling life, is there any thing to equal London by night? It may be ruin, it may be dead empire: but there it is, eluding the eye, mocking the sense, and filling the brain with a repetition which is incontestably sublime.

Talk of Paris, with its glittering whiteness, its fountain-squares, its columns and arches, its monster domes, its swift, narrow river, chained and subjugated with bridges, its stainless sapphire air, and light, laughing, restless crowds—what is that to London, on a bright March blustering day with its million chimneys, each one with its own banner of white smoke, its torrent rush of endless crowds, rough and tumultuous, and its great canopy of vapor, fire veined, now sun-smitten, now driven up in tempest-heaps, now thinning and growing glorified with light!—*G. W. Thornbury.*

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The setting in of cold weather has caused furs to make its appearance in out door costume. The same furs which obtained favor last year, will again be adopted this season. Sable is the favorite for walking costume, chinchilla and ermine being usually reserved for walking dress of a superior style, or for the carriage. The new muffs are of small size, and in the boas of the present season a novelty is observable. The newest boas are small, round, and shorter in length than those hitherto worn. Velvet and cloth cloaks are frequently trimmed with bands of sable or squirrel. Among the recent importations from Paris, are two velvet cloaks, the one lined with ermine and the other with minever. The beautiful texture, formed of the feathers of the grebe, is made into muffs, boas, and bands for trimming. It is, however, suitable only for the carriage-drive, or as a trimming for velvet jackets, or opera cloaks. For the latter purpose, ermine and swan's down are also employed.

Plain and chequered poplins are, at present much in favor for children's dresses. One of the prettiest of the new out-door costumes, prepared for a little girl about ten years of age, consists of a dress of chequered poplin, the prevailing color being dark blue. With it is worn a paletot of black velvet, trimmed with several rows of figured braid, and a bonnet of dark blue velvet, trimmed with rows of black velvet. An in-door dress, just made for a little girl, consisted of a skirt of green cashmere and a high corsage or close jacket of black velvet. The basque and the ends of the sleeves are edged with rows of chenille trimming.

A style of dress-costume, suited to little girls between the ages of five and eight or nine, consists of pink, blue or white silk, ornamented with trimmings of black velvet ribbon. One of these little dresses, made of pink silk, is ornamented with a front trimming, consisting of rows of black velvet, disposed in a large lozenge pattern. The front of the corsage is trimmed in a corresponding style, and a bow and long ends of velvet is placed on each shoulder above the short sleeves. The same style of dress may be made in tarlatane, tulle, or crape, satin ribbon being used instead of velvet for the trimming. A sash of broad ribbon, tied on one side, with long flowing ends, reaching nearly to the edge of the skirt, adds much to the pretty effect of a dress of this description.

An elegant evening-dress, just made for a young lady, is composed of pink silk glace, with white. The skirt is extremely full, and has no trimming; the corsage, which is plain, is rather low, and is headed by a bouillonne of blonde. Over the corsage there is a fichu or pelerine, also of pink silk. This fichu is edged round with ruches of white and pink tulle intermingled; it is of a round form behind, and droops over the shoulders where it is narrow, and between the ruches there is fixed on each shoulder a bow and flowing ends of white gauze ribbon, figured with pink. The ends of the fichu are crossed in front and fastened at each side of the waist, whence they descend to nearly the bottom of the skirt. A bouquet of rose-buds in front of the corsage completes the dress. The *coiffure* consists only of a single rose placed on one side of the head. —*London Lady's Paper, of Nov. 22.*

STONE OF PROSPERITY.—The following lines are from the Chinese:—

Where spades grow bright, and idle words grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church-paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors feel it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well-governed State.

THE GOOD IN MAN.—Could we by some cabalistic word or wizard incantation, bring out latent possibilities of manhood, what monuments of baseness would be shivered into air; what a wealth of heroic life would enrich the world!—*E. P. Whipple.*

Useful Receipts.

CAMPHOR A REMEDY FOR MICE.—Any one sirous of keeping seeds from the depredation mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camp gum in with the seeds. Camphor place drawers or trunks will prevent mice from them injury. The little animal objects to odor, and keeps a good distance from it. will seek food elsewhere.

SICK HEADACHE.—I have known the sev sick headache to be helped, and the ne headache cured, by some sympathizing p rubbing the hands from the top of the down, and off the shoulders, after the mann manner. The most intense pain can be soot in a few minutes by this simple remedy, remem bering to carry the hands upward, farther awa from the head when the downward pass is ma This will also help the toothache in nine ca out of ten.—*Cor. Ohio Cultivator.*

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—To eight gallons rain water, add three quarts of molass a good cask, shake well a few times, then two or three spoonfuls of good yeast cakes. in summer, place the cask in the sun; if in ter, near the chimney, where it may be warm ten or fifteen days, add to the liquors brown paper, torn in strips, dipped in t and good vinegar will be produced. The will, in this way, form what is called the "mo ther," or "life of vinegar."—*Germantown Tele graph.*

TO HARDEN CASTS OF PLASTER.—Immerse them in a solution of alum, heated to about 84 deg Fah., and keep them in it for four or five hour One pound of alum dissolved in five gallons water, will make the solution sufficient in strength for the purpose stated.

MOCK SPONGE CAKE.—One quarter of a pound of butter, one of sugar, three eggs, one half pint of milk, one even teaspoonful of soda, three coffee cups of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of cream tartar, a little salt, and essence of lemon. This will make two loaves. Bake in a quick not too hot oven.—*Country Gentleman.*

CEMENT FOR STEAM PIPES.—Two parts litharge one of sand, and one of lime, mixed with linseed oil, make a cement for steam pipes.

REMOVING INDELIBLE INK STAINS.—To remove spots of nitrate of silver indelible ink, moist them for a few moments with moist chloride lime, which forms chloride of silver, and th dissolve the latter by caustic ammonia. It may be sometimes necessary to repeat the operation Cyanide of potassium may also be employed.

REMEDY FOR DECAYED TEETH.—An old subscriber of the Post sends us the following recipe stop the decaying of teeth, assuring us that has tried it with success. Mix chalk, powdered fine, with enough salt to give it a decided salt taste. Use once or twice a day as a tooth powder, with *no water*, but applied *dry* with a rubbly stiff tooth brush.

INKERMANN.

BY SYDNEY DOBELL.

O'lion'' and round that green knoll the sudden war-clouds roll,
And from the tyrant's ranks so fierce an answ'ring blast
Of whirling death came back, that the green trees turned to black,
And dropped their leaves in winter as it passed.
A moment on each side the surging smoke is wide,
Between the fields are green, and around the hills are loud;
But a shout breaks out, and lo! they have rushed upon the foe,
As the living lightning leaps from cloud to cloud.
Fire and flash, smoke and crash,
The dogs of battle close o'er friends and foes, and they are gone!
Alas, thou bright-eyed boy! alas, thou mother's joy!
With thy long hair so fair, that didst so bravely lead them on!
Faint with pain and fear. Ah, heaven! what do I hear?
A trumpet-note so near!
What are these that race like hunters at a chase?
Who are these that run a thousand men as one?
What are these that crash the trees far in the waving rear?
Fight on, thou young hero! there's help upon the way!
The light horse are coming, the great guns are coming,
The Highlanders are coming;—good God give us the day!
Hurrah for the brave and the leal! Hurrah for the strong and the true!
Hurrah for the helmets of steel! Hurrah for the bonnets o' blue!
A run and a cheer, the Highlanders are here! a gallop and a cheer, the light horse are here!
A rattle and a cheer, the great guns are here!
With a cheer they wheel round and face the foe!
The troopers wheel about, their long swords are out,
With a trumpet and a shout, in they go!

Pictures of Life.

A LOW MARRIAGE.

BY MISS DINAH MARIA MULOCK,

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Etc.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Rochdale stood a good while talking at the school-gate this morning—Mrs. Rochdale, my mistress once, my friend now. My cousin, the village schoolmistress, was bemoaning over her George, now fighting in the Crimea, saying, body, "that no one could understand her ngs but a mother—a mother with an only "

Mrs. Rochdale smiled—that peculiar smile of who has bought peace through the "con-nt anguish of patience"—a look which I can ll trace in her face at times, and which I sup-se will never wholly vanish thence. We chang-d the conversation, and she shortly afterwards departed.

—A mother with an only son. All the neigh-borhood knew the story of our Mrs. Rochdale and *her* son. But it had long ceased to be dis-cussed, at least openly; though still it was told under the seal of confidence to every new-comer in our village. And still every summer need to see any strangers who occupied my cousin's lodgings staring with all their eyes when the manor-house carriage passed by, or peeping om over the blinds to catch a glimpse of Mrs. ochdale.

No wonder. She is, both to look at and to ow, a woman among a thousand.

It can do no possible harm—it may do good—I here write down her history.

First let me describe her, who even it seems to e the fairest woman I ever knew. And why should not a woman be fair at sixty? Because beauty that lasts till then—and it can last, for have seen it—must be of the noblest and most atisfying kind, wholly independent of form or oloring;—a beauty such as a young woman can no art attain, but which, once attained, no wo-an need ever fear to lose, till the coffin-lid, clos-ing over its last and loveliest smile, makes of it a joy forever."

Mrs. Rochdale was tall—too tall in youth; but well-statured woman have decidedly the ad-ntage after forty. Her features, more soft than ng-looking—softer still under the smooth-ded gray hair—might have been good: I am rtist: I do not know. But it was not that; it the intangible nameless grace which sur-ed her as with an atmosphere, making her ce in a room like light, and her absence lt loss; her soft but stately courtesy of , in word and motion alike harmonious. t, her gentle ease of manner made every one at ease. Speaking, though she was by no me a great talker, she always seemed instinc-to say just the right thing, to the right per-at the right moment, in the right way. She out distinct from all your "charming crea-es," "most lady-like persons," "very talent-woman," as that rarest species of the whole e—a gentlewoman.

At twenty-three she became Mr. Rochdale's ; at twenty-five his widow. From that time r whole life was devoted to the son who, at a arly month old, was already Lemuel Rochdale, quire, lord of the manor of Thorpe and Stret-n-Magna, owner of one of the largest estates in he county. Poor little baby!

He was the puniest, sickliest baby she ever , I have heard my mother say; but he grew into a fine boy and a handsome youth; not Mrs. Rochdale, except that a certain here-ide of manner, which in her was almost —if any pride can be beautiful—was in him exaggerated to self-assurance and haughti-ness. He was the principal person in the es-tablishment while he yet trundled hoops; and g before he discarded jackets had assumed s position as sole master of the manor-house—llowing, however, his mother to remain as sole mistress.

He loved her very much, I think—better than horses, dogs, or guns; swore she was the kindest and dearest mother in England, and handsomer ten times over than any girl he knew.

At which the smiling mother would shake her head in credulous incredulousness. She rarely burdened him with caresses; perhaps she had found out early that boys dislike them, at least he did: to others she always spoke of him as "my son," or "Mr. Rochdale;" and her pride in him, or praise of him, was always more by im-plication than by open word. Yet all the house, all the village, knew quite well how things were. And though they were not often seen together, except on Sunday, when, year after year, she walked up the church-aisle, holding her little son by the hand; then, followed by the sturdy school-boy; finally, leaning proudly on the youth's broad arm—everybody said emphatically that the young squire was "his mother's own son;" affectionately beloved, after the fashion of women ever since young Eve smiled down on Cain, say-ing, "I have gotten a man from the Lord."

So he grew up to be twenty-one years old.

On that day Mrs. Rochdale, for the first time since her widowhood, opened her house, and in-vited all the country round. The morning was devoted to the poorer guests; in the evening there was a dinner-party and ball."

I dressed her, having since my girlhood been to her a sort of amateur milliner and lady's-maid. I may use the word "amateur" in its strictest sense, since it was out of the great love and re-verence I had for her that I had got into this habit of haunting the manor-house. And since love begets love, and we always feel kindly to those we have been kind to, Mrs. Rochdale was fond of me. Through her means, and still more through herself, I gained a better education than I should have done as only her bailiff's daughter. But that is neither here nor there.

Mrs. Rochdale was standing before the glass in her black velvet gown; she never wore anything but black, with sometimes a gray or lilac ribbon. She had taken out from that casket, and was clasping on her arms and neck, white and round even at five-and-forty, some long-unworn family-jewels.

I admired them very much.

"Yes, they are pretty. But I scarcely like to see myself in diamonds, Martha. I shall only wear them a few times, and then resign them to my daughter-in-law."

"Your daughter-in-law? Has Mr. Roch-dale—"

"No," (smiling) "Mr. Rochdale has not made his choice yet; but I hope he will ere long. A young man should marry early, especially a young man of family and fortune. I shall be very glad when my son has chosen his wife."

She spoke as if she thought he had nothing to do but to choose, after the fashion of kings and sultans.

I smiled. She misinterpreted my thought, say-ing with some little severity:

"Martha, you mistake. I repeat, I shall be al-together glad, even if such a chance were to hap-pen to-day."

Ah, Mrs. Rochdale, was ever any widowed mo-ther of an only son "altogether glad" when first startled into the knowledge that she herself was not his all in the world? that some strange wo-man had risen up, for whose sake he was bound to "leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife?" A righteous saying, but hard to be un-derstood at first by the mothers.

It afterwards struck me as an odd coincidence, that what Mrs. Rochdale had wished might hap-pen did actually happen that same night.

The prettiest, and beyond all question the "sweetest," girl in all our county families—among which alone it was probable or permissi-ble that our young squire should "throw the handkerchief,"—was Miss Celandine Childe, niece and heiress of Sir John Childe. I was caught by her somewhat fanciful name—after Wordsworth's flower—which, as I overheard Mrs. Rochdale say, admirably expressed her.

I thought so too, when, peeping through the curtained ball-room door, I caught sight of her, distinct among all the young ladies, as one's eye lights upon a celandine in a spring meadow. She was smaller than any lady in the room—very fair, with yellow hair—the only real gold hair I ever saw. Her head drooped like a flower-cup; and her motions, always soft and quiet, reminded one of the stirrings of a flower in the grass. Her dress—as if to humor the fancy, or else Nature herself did so by making that color most suitable to the girl's complexion—was some gauzy stuff, of a soft pale-green. Bright, delicate, innocent, and fair, you could hardly look at her without wishing to take her up in your bosom like a flower.

The ball was a great success. Mrs. Rochdale came up to her dressing-room long after mid-night, but with the bright glow of maternal pride still burning on her cheeks. She looked quite young again, forcing one to acknowledge the fact constantly avouched by the elder generation, that our mothers and grandmothers were a great deal handsomer than we. Certainly, not a belle in the ball-room could compare with Mrs. Rochdale in my eyes. I should have liked to have told her so. In a vague manner I said something which slightly approximated to my thought.

Mrs. Rochdale answered, innocent of the com-pliment,

"Yes, I have seen very lovely women in my youth. But to night my son pointed out several whom he admired—one in particular."

"Was it Miss Childe, madam?"

"How acute you are, little Martha! How could you see that?"

I answered, rather deprecatingly, that, from the corner where I was serving ices, I had heard several people remark Mr. Rochdale's great at-tention to Miss Childe.

"Indeed!" with a slight sharpness of accent. A moment or two after she added with some *hauteur*, "You mistake, my dear; Mr. Rochdale could never be so uncourteous as to pay exclu-sive attention to any one of his guests; but Miss Childe is a stranger in the neighborhood." After a pause: "She is a most sweet-looking girl. My son said so to me, and—I perfectly agreed with him."

I let the subject drop—nor did Mrs. Rochdale resume it.

A month after I wondered if she knew what all the servants at the manor-house and all the vil-lagers at Thorpe soon knew quite well, and dis-cussed incessantly in butlers' pantries and kit-chens, over pots of ale and by cottage-doors—that our young squire from that day forward gave up his shooting, his otter-hunting, and even his coursing, and "went a-courting" sedulously for a whole month to Ashen Dale.

Meanwhile, Sir John and Miss Childe came twice to luncheon. I saw her, pretty creature! walking by Mrs. Rochdale's side to feed the swans, and looking more like a flower than ever. And once, stately in the family-coach, which tumbled over the rough roads, two hours there and two hours back, shaking the old coachman almost to pieces, did Mrs. and Mr. Rochdale drive over to a formal dinner at Ashen Dale.

Finally, in the Christmas-week, after an inter-val of twenty lonely Christmases past and gone, did our lady of the manor prepare to pay to the same place a three-days' visit—such as is usual among county families—the "rest-day, the pressed-day," and the day of departure.

I was at the door when she came home. Her usually bright and healthy cheeks were somewhat pale, and her eyes glittered; but her eyelids were heavy, as with long pressing back of tears. Mr. Rochdale did not drive, but sat beside her; he too seemed rather grave. He handed her out of the carriage carefully and tenderly. She responded with a fond smile. Mother and son went up the broad staircase arm-in-arm.

That night the servants who had gone to Ashen Dale talked "it" all over with the ser-vants who had stayed at home; and every point was satisfactorily settled down to the bride's for-tune and pin-money, and whether she would be married in Brussels or Honiton lace.

Yet still Mrs. Rochdale said nothing. She looked happy, but pale, constantly pale. The squire was in the gayest spirits imaginable. He was, as I have said, a very handsome and win-ning young fellow; rather variable in his tastes, and easily guided, some people said—but then it was always the old who said it, and nobody minded them. We thought Miss Celandine Childe was the happiest and luckiest girl imagi-nable.

She looked so when, after due time, the three-days' visit was returned; after which Sir John departed, and Miss Childe stayed behind.

That evening—it was just the time of year when "evenings" begin to be perceptible, and in passing the drawing-room door I had heard the young master say something to Miss Childe about "primroses in the woods"—that evening I was waiting upon Mrs. Rochdale's toilet. She herself stood at the oriel window. It was after dinner—she had come up to her room to rest.

"Look here, Martha."

She pointed to the terrace-walk leading to the pool. There were the two young people saun-tering slowly past—he gazing down on her, she with her eyes drooped low, low to the very ground. But her arm rested in his, in a safe, happy, clinging way, as knowing it had a right there to rest forever.

"Is it so, Mrs. Rochdale?"

"Ay, Martha. What do you think of my—my children?"

A few tears came to her eyes—a few quivers fluttered over and about her mouth; but she gazed still—she smiled still.

"Are you satisfied, madam?"

"Quite. It is the happiest thing in the world —for him. They will be married at Christ-mas."

"And you—"

She put her hand softly on my lips, and said, smiling,

"Plenty of time to think of that—plenty of time."

After this day she gradually grew less pale, and recovered entirely her healthy, cheerful tone of mind. It was evident that she soon began to love her daughter elect very much—as, indeed, who could help it?—and that by no means as a mere matter of form had she called them both "my children."

For Celandine, who never knew a mother, it seemed as if Mrs. Rochdale were almost as dear to her as her betrothed. The two ladies were constantly together; and in them the proverbially formidable and all but impossible possibility bade fair to be realized, of a mother and daughter-in-law as united as if they were of the same flesh and blood.

The gossips shook their heads and said, "It wouldn't last." I think it would. Why should it not? They were two noble, tender, unselfish women. Either was ready to love any thing he loved—to renounce any thing to make him happy. In him, *the* lover and son, was their meeting-point, in him they learned to love one another.

Strange that women cannot always see this. Strange that a girl should not, above all but her own mother, cling to the mother of him she loves —the woman who has borne him, nursed him, cherished him, suffered for him more than any living creature can suffer, excepting—ay, some-times not even excepting—his wife. Most strange, that a mother, who would be fond and kind to any thing her boy cared for,—his horse or his dog,—should not, above all, love the crea-ture he loves best in the world, on whom his hap-piness, honor, and peace, are staked for a life-time. Alas, that a bond so simple, natural, holy, should be found so hard as to be almost impos-sible—even among the good women of this world! Mothers, wives,—whose fault is it? Is it because each exacts too much for herself, and too little for the other,—one forgetting that she was ever young, the other that she will one day be old? Or that in the tenderest women's devotion lurks a something of jealousy, which blinds them to the truth—as true in love as in charity—that "it is more blessed to give than to receive?" Per-haps I, Martha Stretton, spinster, have no right to discuss this question. But one thing I will say: that I can forgive much to an unloved daughter-in-law,—to an unloving one, *nothing*.

And now, from this long digression,—which is not so irrelevant as it at first may seem,—let me return to my story.

The year grew and waned. Mrs. Rochdale said to me, when it was near its closing, that it had been one of the happiest years she had ever known.

I believe it was. The more so as, like many a season of great happiness, it began with a con-quered pang. But of this no one ever dared to hint; and perhaps the mother now would hardly have acknowledged, even to herself, that it had temporarily existed.

They were to have been married at Christmas; but early in December the long-invalided Lady Childe died. This deferred the wedding. The young lover said, loudly and often, that it was "very hard." The bride-elect said nothing at all. Consequently every lady's-maid and woman-servant at the manor-house, and every damsel down the village, talked over Miss Childe's hard-heartedness; especially as, soon after, she went travelling with poor broken-hearted Sir John Childe, thereby parting with her betrothed for three whole months.

But I myself watched her about the manor-house the last few days before she went away. Oh, Lemuel Rochdale, what had you deserved, that heaven should bless you with the love of two such women—mother and bride!

Celandine went away. The manor-house was very dull after she was gone. Mrs. Rochdale said she did not wonder that her son was absent a good deal—it was natural. But this she only said to me. To others she never took any notice of his absence at all.

These absences continued,—lengthened. In most young men they would have been unremark-ed; but Lemuel was so fondly attached to his mother, that he rarely in his life had spent his evenings away from home and her. Now, in the wild March nights, in the soft April twilights, in the May moonlights, Mrs. Rochdale sat alone in the great drawing-room, where they had sat so happily last year—all three of them.

She sat, grave and quiet, over her book or her knitting, still saying—if she ever said anything—that it was quite "natural" her son should amuse himself abroad.

Once I heard her ask him, "Where he had been to-night?"

He hesitated; then said, "Up the village, mother."

"What, again? How fond you are of moon-light-walks up the village!"

"Am I?" whipping his boots with his cane. "Why, mother, moonlight is—very pretty, you know; and the evenings here are—so long."

"True." His mother half sighed. "But soon, you know, Celandine will be back."

It might have been my mistake, but I thought the young man turned scarlet, as, whistling his dog, he hastily quitted the room.

"How sensitive these lovers are!" said Mrs. Rochdale, smiling. "He can hardly bear to hear her name. I do wish they were married."

But that wish was still further deferred. Sir John Childe, fretful, ailing, begged another six months before he lost his niece. They were young; and he was old, and had not long to live. Besides, thus safely and happily betrothed, why should they not wait? A year more or less was of little moment to those who were bound toge-ther firm and sure, in good and ill, for a life-time. Nay, did she not from the very day of betrothal feel herself Lemuel's faithful wife?

Thus, Mrs. Rochdale told me, did Celandine urge—out of the love which in its completeness hardly recognised such a thing as separation. Her mother that was to be, reading the passage out of her letter, paused, silenced by starting tears.

The lover consented to this further delay. He did not once say it was "very hard." Again Mrs. Rochdale began to talk, but with a tone of fainter certainty, about their being married next Christmas.

Meanwhile the young squire appeared quite satisfied: shot, fished, lounged about his pro-perty as usual, and kept up his spirits amazingly.

He likewise took his moonlight-walks up the village with creditable persistency. Once or twice I heard it whispered about that he did not take them alone.

But every one in the neighborhood so liked the young squire, and so tenderly honored his mo-ther, that it was some time before the faintest of these ill whispers reached the ear of Mrs. Roch-dale.

I never shall forget the day she heard it.

She had sent for me to help her in gathering her grapes; a thing she often liked to do herself, giving the choice bunches to her own friends, and to the sick poor of her neighbors. She was standing in the vinery when I came. One mo-ment's glance showed me something was amiss, but she stopped the question ere it was well out of my lips.

"No, nothing, Martha. This bunch—cut it while I hold."

But her hand shook so that the grapes fell and were crushed, dyeing purple the stone-floor. I picked them up,—she took no notice.

Suddenly she put her hand to her head. "I am tired. We will do this another day."

I followed her across the garden to the hall-door. Entering, she gave orders to have the carriage ready immediately.

"I will take you home, Martha. I am going to the village."

Now the village was about two miles distant from the manor-house,—a mere cluster of cot-tages; among which were only three decent dwellings—the butcher's, the baker's, and the schoolhouse. Mrs. Rochdale rarely drove through Thorpe,—still more rarely did she stop there.

She stopped now—it was some message at the school-house. Then, addressing the coach-man,—

"Drive on—to the baker's shop."

Old John started—touched his hat hurriedly. I saw him and the footman whispering on the box. Well I could guess why!

"The baker's, Mrs. Rochdale? Cannot I call? Indeed, it is a pity you should take that trouble."

She looked me full in the face;—I felt myself turn crimson.

"Thank you, Martha; but I wish to go my-self."

I coaxed. But I was now quite certain she knew, and guessed I knew also, that which all the village were now talking about. What could be her motive for acting thus? Was it to show her own ignorance of the report? No, that would have been to imply a falsehood; and Mrs. Roch-dale was stanchly, absolutely true in deed as in word. Or was it to prove them all liars and scan-dal mongers, that the lady of the manor drove up openly to the very door where—

Mrs. Rochdale startled me from my thoughts with her sudden voice, sharp and clear.

"He is a decent man, I believe—Hine, the baker?"

"Yes, madam."

"He has—a daughter, who—waits in the shop?"

"Yes, madam."

She pulled the check-string with a quick jerk, and got out. Two small burning spots were on either cheek; otherwise she looked herself—her tall, calm stately self.

I wondered what Nancy thought of her—hand-some Nancy Hine, who was laughing in her free, loud way behind the counter, but who, perceiving the manor-house carriage, stopped, startled.

I could see them quite plainly through the shop-window—the baker's daughter and the mo-ther of the young squire. I could see the very glitter in Mrs. Rochdale's eyes, as, giving in her ordinary tone some domestic order, she took the opportunity of gazing steadily at the large, well-featured girl, who stood awkward and painfully abashed, nay, blushing scarlet; though people did say that Nancy Hine was too clever a girl to have blushed since she was out of her teens.

I think they belied her—I think many people belied her, both then and afterward. She was "clever"—much cleverer than most girls of her station; she looked bold and determined enough, but neither unscrupulous nor insincere.

During the interview, which did not last two minutes, I thought it best to stay outside the door. Of course, when Mrs. Rochdale re-entered the carriage, I made no remark. Nor did she.

She gave me the cake for the school-chil-dren. From the wicket I watched her drive off, just catching through the carriage-window her profile, so proudly cut, so delicate and re-fined.

That a young man, born and reared of such a mother, with a lovely fairy creature like Ce-landine for his own, his very own, could ever lower his tastes, habits, perceptions, to court—people said even to win—unlawfully, a com-mon village-girl, handsome, indeed, but with the coarse, blousy beauty which at thirty might be positive ugliness—surely—surely it was im-possible! It could not be true what they said about young Mr. Rochdale and Nancy Hine.

I did not think his mother believed it either; if she had, could she have driven away with that quiet smile on her mouth, left by her last kind words to the school-children and to me?

The young squire had gone to Scotland the day before this incident occurred. He did not seem in any hurry to return; not even when, by some whim of the old baronet's, Sir John Childe and his niece suddenly returned to Ashen Dale.

Mrs. Rochdale drove over there immediately, and brought Celandine back with her. The two ladies, elder and younger, were gladly seen by us all going about together in their old happy ways, lingering in the green-house, dri-ving and walking, laughing their well-known, merry laugh, when they fed the swans of an evening in the pool.

There might have been no such things in the world as tale-bearers, slanderers, or—bakers' daughters.

Alas! this was only for four bright days—the last days when I ever saw Mrs. Rochdale looking happy and young, or Celandine Childe light-hearted and bewitchingly fair.

On the fifth, Sir John Childe's coach drove up to the manor-house, not lazily, as it general-ly did, but with ominously thundering wheels.—He and Mrs. Rochdale were shut up in the library for two full hours. Then she came out, walking heavily, with a kind of mechanical strength, but never once drooping her head or her eyes, and desired me to go and look for Miss Childe, who was reading in the summer-house. She waited at the hall-door till the young lady came in.

"Mamma!"

Already she had begun, by Mrs. Rochdale's wish, to give her that fond name. But it seemed to strike painfully now.

"Mamma, is anything the matter?" and, turn-ing pale, the girl clung to her arm.

"Nothing to alarm you, my pet; nothing that I care for—not *I*. I know it is false—wholly false; it could not but be."

Her tone, warm with excitement, had, never-theless, more anger in it than fear. Celandine's color returned.

"If it be false, mamma, never mind it," she said, in her fondling way. "But what is this news?"

"Something that your uncle has heard. Some-thing he insists upon telling you. Let him. It cannot matter either to you or to me. Come, my child."

What passed in the library of course never transpired; but about an hour after I was sent for to Mrs. Rochdale's dressing-room.

She sat at her writing-table. There was a firm, hard, almost fierce expression in her eyes, very painful to see. Yet when Celandine glided in, with that soft step and white face, Mrs. Roch-dale looked up with a quick smile.

"Has he read it? Is he satisfied with it?" and she took, with painfully assumed careless-ness, a letter newly written, which Miss Childe brought to her.

The girl assented; then, kneeling by the table, pressed her cheek upon Mrs. Rochdale's shoul-der.

"Let me write, mamma, just one little line, to tell him that I—that I don't believe—"

"Hush!" and the trembling lips were shut with a kiss tender as firm. "No, not a line, my little girl. I, his mother, may speak of such things to him. Not you."

It did at this moment seem to me almost sick-ening that this pure, fragile flower of a girl should ever have been told there existed such wickedness as that of which not only Sir John Childe, but the whole neighborhood, now accused her lover; and which, as I afterwards learned, the baronet insisted should be at once openly and explicitly denied by Mr. Rochdale, or the engage-ment must be held dissolved.

This question his mother claimed her own sole right to put to her son; and she had put it in the letter, which now, with a steady hand and a fixed smile, half-contemptuous, as it were, she was seal-ing and directing.

"Martha, put this into the post-bag yourself; and tell Miss Childe's maid her mistress will re-main another week at the manor-house. Yes, my love, best so."

Then, sitting down wearily in the large arm-chair, Mrs. Rochdale drew Celandine to her; and I saw her take the soft, small figure on her lap, like a child, and fold her up close in the grave, comforting silence of inexpressible love.

It was a four days' post to and from the moors where Mr. Rochdale was staying. Heavily the time must have passed with those two poor wo-men, whose all was staked upon him—upon his one little yes or no.

Sunday intervened, when they both appeared at church—evening as well as morning. With this exception, they did not go out; and were seen but rarely about the house, except at dinner time. Then, with her companion on her arm, Mrs. Rochdale would walk down, and take her seat at the foot of the long, dreary dining-table, placing Miss Childe on her right hand.

The old butler said it made his heart ache to see how sometimes they both looked towards the head of the board—at the empty chair there.

The fifth day came and passed. No letters.—The sixth likewise. In the evening, his mother ordered Mr. Rochdale's chamber to be got ready, as it was not improbable he might unexpectedly come home. But he did not come.

They sat up half that night, I believe, both Mrs. Rochdale and Miss Childe.

Next morning they breakfasted together as usual in the dressing-room. As I crossed the plantation—for in my anxiety I made business at the manor-house every day now—I saw them both sitting at the window, waiting for the post.

Waiting for the post! Many a one has known that heart-sickening, intolerable time; but few waitings have been like to theirs.

The stable-boy came lazily up, swinging the letter-bag to and fro in his hands. They saw it from the window.

The butler unlocked the bag as usual, and dis-tributed the contents.

"Here's one from the young master. Lord bless us, what a big 'un!"

"Let me take it up stairs, William." For I saw it was addressed to Miss Childe.

Mechanically, as I went up stairs, my eye rest-ed on the direction, in Mr. Rochdale's large, care-less hand; and on the seal, firm and clear, bear-ing not the sentimental devices he had once been fond of using, but his business-seal—his coat-of-arms. With a heavy weight on my heart, I knock-ed at the dressing-room door.

Miss Childe opened it.

"Ah, mamma, for *me*, for *me!*"

And with a sob of joy she caught and tore open the large envelope.

Out of it fell a heap of letters—her own pretty dainty letters, addressed "Lemuel Rochdale, Esq."

She stood looking down at them with a bewil-dered air; then searched through the envelope. It was blank—quite blank.

"*What* does he mean, mamma? I—don't—understand."

But Mrs. Rochdale did.

"Go away, Martha," she said, hoarsely, shut-ting me out at the door. And then I heard a smothered cry, and something falling to the floor like a stone.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

GRANDPAPA DANCES "SIR ROGER"—AND MAY HE DANCE IT FOR MANY, MANY YEARS TO COME!

THE WRONG WORD.—When Prince Gonzago di Castiglione was in England, he dined, in com-pany with Dr. Johnson, at the house of a friend; and thinking it was a polite, as well as a gay thing, to drink the doctor's health, with some proof that he had read his works, called out from the top of the table to the bottom (that table filled with company!) "To your good health, Mr. *Vagabond!*"

The Prince intended to compliment the doc-tor as the author of the "Rambler," but mistook the word.

☞ To make a workman drop his tools quick, nothing has been discovered equal to twelve strokes of the clock.

A Warning to Women—Doings of a Matrimonial Swindler—The Effect of Answering Matrimonial Advertisements.

A very curious affair in the way of matrimonial swindling has just come to light in New York. For some time, it seems, a man calling himself Dr. S. Thrasher Lyons has been sojourning there and moving in respectable circles. He represented himself as a man of wealth, and as he lived and appeared well, the circumstances seemed to confirm his representations; though facts recently developed show him to have been not only a Jeremy Diddler, but a deep-dyed scoundrel, capable of perpetrating any crime. Lyons, it is said, is by birth a Philadelphian, but has lived in Clinton Louisiana, where he states he has a brother residing, who is engaged in the practice of the law. Another brother, a judge, he states, resides in California. He has resided, also, in Panama and California and says that he has travelled extensively in Europe, India, and South America; and it has been stated that while in Liverpool, he was convicted of some crime, for which he was sentenced to transportation to Botany Bay, whence his subsequently made his escape. He is about 45 years of age, about five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighs about 170 pounds, had black hair inclined to curl, eyes dark with a snakish expression, Roman nose, and rather oval face. The general cast of his face is peerish; but his features are marked, indicating him to possess strong individualities of character. He is a man of superior address, is highly educated; speaks French with fluency, converses intelligently upon all topics, plays the piano-forte with good taste, and is extremely engaging in his manner. So far as it can be ascertained, he has confined his schemes of rascality to swindling women out of money, with whom he would get into communication, by advertising for wives in the morning papers. So systematic and extensive, indeed, have been his schemes, that scarcely a week has passed that he has not advertised.

Once in communication with a lady, he would obtain a knowledge of her peculiar circumstances, and if she had means he would continue the acquaintance, ingratiate himself in her favor, make a formal engagement, advise her as to the employment of her means, offer his services in making investments for her; accept her money, pocket it, and discontinue his visits. It is stated that during the last summer he eloped with the wife of a citizen, accompanied her to a neighboring city, where he robbed her of her jewelry and then left her. It is said, also, that he married several wives, and having possessed himself of their means has left them. Recently he accidently formed the acquaintance of a lady who contemplated going to California with her family. He volunteered his advice and assistance, and she gave him $1,100 to make the necessary preparations for their departure, and to procure the tickets.

Soon after giving the money, the lady accidentally learned Lyons' character, and as he was missing, she caused a warrant to be issued for his arrest, and, though it was in the hands of the policeman for two days previous to Lyons' departure, and the officer appraised of Lyons' residence, no arrest was effected, and Lyons left for Philadelphia; whence he left on Wednesday week, in the steamship City of Washington for Liverpool, it is said, en route for Australia. But Lyons has not only been guilty of robbing his victims pecuniarily, but has also in various instances accomplished their ruin. Five instances of this character have come to our knowledge, in one of which the victim (a young lady,) is now insane, and wherever he goes, it will only be undoubtedly to move in the same path of villainy he knows so well.

How long Lyons lived in Philadelphia is not known. It is certain, however, that in 1850, and before, he was residing in the State of Louisiana. Certain it is that on the evening of the 6th of August, 1850, he was married in the town of C——, Louisiana, to a young and lovely woman, named Mary S——. With her he lived probably some two years, for, in or about 1853, he reappeared in Philadelphia, where he soon made quite a sensation. He soon succeeded, by false representations, in winning the confidence of Mrs. W——s, a rich widow of that place, who finally married him, fully persuaded that she had made a happy choice. But her honey-moon was of short duration.

Three days after this wedding, the bride and bridegroom quarreled. The "Rich Southern planter" and happy bridegroom wanted some money. The rich and happy bride refused to give him any, whereat she was assailed by the bridegroom, who, putting a pistol at her head, threatened to blow her brains out unless she handed out the needful. The threat did not avail, and the bridegroom left the premises, and never again returned. Thus the charm was broken. The disconsolate bride grieved, and would not be pacified. The inquiries that were made brought to light the fact that her husband had another and a lawful wife (and child) living in Louisiana; that he also had a female friend with whom he had been living in Philadelphia; and that previous to his departure, he had contrived, by forging his wife's name, to obtain the sum of $1,500.

Information of this circumstance was given to the Police, and a warrant was issued for the gay doctor's apprehension, but he had fled to Mexico, it is said. The deceived lady quietly obtained a divorce, and the matter was kept as still as possible from the vulgar public. The lady subsequently married Dr. P——, with whom she lives happily.

Wherever the doctor took refuge from Philadelphia, he did not long remain, for in the latter part of 1853, he made his appearance in New York City, and here began to play at his old game. How he succeeded in palming himself off for what he was not, may be easily guessed. His polished manners, fine appearance, and unbounded assurance, carried him successfully through, and made him a great favorite with all the ladies whose acquaintance he contrived to make. One of his admirers spoke of him thus, through some obliging newspaper:

"Many ignorant people imagine that in New York we have no nobility. This is a mistake—we have a Baron. I don't know whether he is the first or last of them (or both.) I can only certify to his existence. There he is, and a more baronial figure I would not wish to see. He is very handsome—he knows it. He is very learned—he knows that too. He is very skillful—he will tell you so himself. Although he is not clad in 'complete steel,' he has the instruments upon him. If he has not his lance, he has his lancet, which does him better service. His appearance is very martial, aristocratic and kingly—yes, I may well say kingly, for he has many *subjects*, and they are ruled so well that they are called patients."

One poor creature—Josephine, by name—must have been in raptures with him. She is described as having drank in every word that fell from his lips. In his presence she was happy, and was wont to gaze admiringly upon his classic countenance while he read aloud to her. The deep tones of his voice fell like sweet music upon her ear. In his presence the hours fled by unheeded, and the evening sped like a dream of pleasure.

Jane—another confiding one to whom he was betrothed at the same time—thus expressed her feelings confidentially to a female friend:

"To be together is for us at once as free as in solitude, or gay as in company. We talk, I believe, all day; to talk to each other is but a mere animated or audible thinking. All my confidence is bestowed on him, all his confidence is devoted to me. We are precisely united in character; perfect concord is the result."

Jane soon mourned for her great loss.

Another of his lady admirers having chided him with coldness, or some greater offence, the arch-rascal replies:

"Yes; but if you had looked into my heart! * * * * You made a halo bright as a rainbow above, around that dungeon life where my heart was groping!"

He corresponded with every lady advertising for a situation as governess, by representing himself to be a gentleman from the South—a widower with two children, whom he wanted to place under the care of some competent lady. By this means he obtained the acquaintance of many excellent ladies, all of whom he victimized to a greater or less extent, by obtaining loans of money from them, &c. He also patronized the matrimonial department of the papers, to a large extent, and by this means, also, he made the acquaintance of many foolish women, every one of whom it is hardly necessary to say he most shamefully deceived. He assumed in his advertisements various names, such as Mr. Stanley, Charles, Calvin Luther, &c., &c. To a lady with whom he effected a correspondence in relation to an advertisement for governess, he thus writes:

"My Dear Madam:—Your esteemed note has only come into my hands this day, and I regret that an unexpected absence from New York prevented me from seeing you as arranged on Monday last. I assure you, madam, the favorable influence of our interview was mutual, for you possess all those loveable attributes of person and mind, so calculated, so essential to win and allure a man of refined organization, and one who seeks that adaptation to nature which can only give birth to true and sincere affections. I will candidly admit (for candor is the twin-sister of confidence,) that in connection with a governess for my child, I am anxious to secure a *friend* for myself, and would be delighted if you would entertain my views. If, after an interview, we find that adaptation of natures which would foster a harmonious understanding, an arrangement could be entered into. I promise integrity of purpose shall mark my intercourse with you.

"A line in reply, addressed to the Astor House, will oblige,

"Yours, respectfully, J. C. S."

Many be deceived in this way, but more, during the years 1853 and 1854, by advertising for a wife, under various names. The exact number of his victims obtained in both ways was very large. He deceived by the governess dodge, Mrs. C——, of Clinton Place, Mrs. S——, of East Thirty-seventh street, Mrs. P——, of Broadway, Mrs. D——, of Twenty-fifth street, Miss S——, of ——, and many others. He first gained the confidence of these ladies, won their affections, proposed to all of them and was by all accepted. They all, however, found him out before the day was set apart for their wedding; some in one way and some in another. He was at one time engaged to half a dozen ladies in the city at the same time, while his wife and infant were suffering from sickness and destitution in Louisiana. Three of the ladies to whom he was engaged, were having their wedding-dresses made by the same dress-maker at the same time. They all met at the dressmaker's one day, and being mutually acquainted, entered into a conversation about the auspicious event to which they were so eagerly looking, when the secret came out that they were all engaged to the same man. A terrible scene ensued. Cologne and cold water were found requisite.

This *expose* gave rise to a great deal of talk in private circles, but neither of the ladies felt disposed to prosecute and punish the villain for fear of the publicity which they would thereby gain. One of these ladies having learned the whole of the doctor's rascality, corresponded with his wife, and ascertained that she (the wife) was so destitute as to be actually compelled to pawn her dresses and wedding ring to gain the necessaries of life.

Touched by her sufferings, the lady wrote to the doctor, imploringly, saying that she would forgive her own injuries if he would but take care of his wife and child, whose sufferings she eloquently depicted. The brute paid no heed, but continued, with coolness and effrontery, his villainous career.

He continued to insert his matrimonial advertisements, and by means of the following unique one:—

"A widower, of middle age, of good social position, cultivated mind, refined organization, warm and affectionate nature, and in every way calculated by habits and association, to diffuse a genial and happy influence in the conjugal relationship he aspires to, whose 'personel' and style is unexceptionable, and peculiar position easy, would be pleased to make the acquaintance of a lady, possessing attributes and qualities in some measures approximating his own. To such who would feel disposed to waive conventional prejudice, and act independently in a matter involving the highest aim, as well as the most important and vital considerations to their domestic happiness—he would invite a confidential correspondence, pledging a manly and honorable consideration at his hands, and assuring them of the integrity of his purpose.

"Address, Calvin Luther,
"Broadway Post-Office."

—made the acquaintance of a host of the following named *females, from all parts*:—

J. A. B., West 15th st.; S. H. C., Union sq.; C. C., Brunswick, N. J.; F. C. Northumberland; Grace C., New Haven; Matilda S., Matpason; Alice F., Platsburg, N. Y.; Clara H., W. H.; L. M., Williamsburg; M. La P., do.; Mrs. B. E. L., Union sq; Beatrice M., Hoboken; Grace O., N. Y.; Emily R., Sullivan Place; Josephine S., East Broadway, N. Y.

Here is

A LETTER FROM A HUSBAND SEEKER.

"Sir:—I have received your note, and hasten to answer it. I will remark, in the first place, that you have only done me justice in giving me credit for sincerity, that and frankness being two of my principal characteristics, although the *leading* trait of my character, and the master passion of my soul, is an intense yearning for affection. I crave sympathy and kindness, and would deeply repay such by the devotion of a heart formed to feel and reciprocate every tender emotion, a heart capable of experiencing a love unbiased by all selfish considerations, whose chief gratification would arise from the welfare and happiness of the beloved object, with whom a hut would be a palace, and a wilderness as the garden of Eden. Of course, to such a nature nothing would be more delightful than the pleasures of a home. In my opinion, home, illuminated by affection, is the dearest of earthly blessings, and must ever be the centre of all my wishes and desires.

"The following original lines will convey some idea of my feelings on the subject:

"Give me to dwell 'mid Alpine snows, amid the tropic isles,
Or where the gloomy forest spreads its deep sequestered wilds—
Still, 'mid these fair congenial scenes, if those I love be there,
My heart, oh, love, shall fondly rest within thy sacred sphere.

"I am fond of music and poetry, and have been from my childhood an humble votary of the muses. I am a passionate admirer of everything that is beautiful in nature and art. I am particularly fond of fine scenery, and the contemplation of exquisite paintings, and statues always afford me the greatest pleasure. I have given you this slight account of my feelings, and sentiments, as a sort of preface to our introduction. I shall be happy to grant your request for an interview to-morrow. I shall be at Hamilton Ferry, (New York,) in the ladies' room, between 3½ and 4 o'clock, in the afternoon. I shall stand or sit by the window fronting the street, and that you may recognize me, will describe my dress, which, on this occasion will be black or pink, with a red shawl, green shirred crape bonnet, and black lace veil; and that you may more easily distinguish me, I will hold a flower in my hand. I wish you to come up and address me by my name, although I think it would be better to watch my coming, (I will be punctual,) and speak before I enter the room; I will take a walk with you up Broadway, or, if not too cold, on the Battery. If the weather should prove unfavorable to-morrow, or anything should occur to prevent my coming, I shall not be able to see you on Friday, but will meet you at the same time, on Saturday, or should that be stormy, on the first fair day following. Wishing, in conclusion, that the interview may be mutually agreeable,

"I remain yours, in sincerity, Pauline.
"Thursday, October, 1858."

"Peekskill, Sept. 18, 1853,

"To Mr. J. C. S.—In reply to Mr Stanley's last letter, the writer begs leave to inform him, that she will be pleased to see him on Tuesday morning next (at 10 o clock,) at 229 ——. In regard to Mr. Stanley's remarks concerning first impressions, disappointments, &c., &c., the writer will merely add that in the opinion of a high-minded woman, a gentleman's attractions consist in his *high moral* character, his good sense, refinement, &c., &c. These attributes, delineated on the face of the possessor as they usually are, render it sufficiently attractive. The lady also anticipates disappointment on the gentleman's part, for his ardent, poetical imagination has possibly invested her with personal beauty, and therein she will 'be found wanting,' as nature has given her only a small share. She feels greatly obliged to Mr. Stanley for his kind assurance that 'nothing shall in any way compromise her,' and feels that she can confide in his honor.

"S. A. W.

"N. B.—Should there be any mistake about the number, (though I think not,) Mr. S. will immediately find it by reference to a directory. Directed, Mr. J. C. S.,
"Post Office, New York."

Here is another:

"Hartford, Sept. 5, 1853.

"Mr. Chester—Dear Sir: Yours of the 27th instant came into my hands this morning of the 29th. It gives me much pleasure to reply to an epistle fraught with so much affection and tenderness, which was called forth from a stranger by a simple note from my pen, which was written almost expressly for the novelty of the thing. But as it pleased you to answer it, and esteem it a pleasure to respond to the sentiments contained therein, the frankness with which you communicate your ideas and express your wishes, gives me a favorable impression, for I am induced to believe they come from a kind and true heart, and in confiding in the sincerity of our communication, I am inclined to think our tastes and feelings are not dissimilar, and should have no objections to a personal acquaintance. I am rather above the medium height, with blue eyes, etc., I was born in 1828. I anticipate visiting New York and the Crystal Palace about the 20th of the month, in company with my sister and her husband. Yours, with sincerity Lizzy M."

Directed—Chas. Chester, Esq., New York.

At length, fearful, perhaps, of the storm that he had raised, or from some other motive, the scoundrel has left the city as before stated.—*New York Express.*

The Disaster to the Connecticut.—The Boston Chronicle gives the following interesting particulars concerning the recent disaster to the steamer Connecticut, on Long Island Sound:—"The life-preservers, such as they were, were in the various cabins and state-rooms. The rush for them was awfully frantic. The panels of the state-room doors were stayed in instantly, and one gentleman, in his frenzy, performed the same operation on one of the large and extensive mirrors in the saloon. Many of the life preservers were entirely worthless, not being able to hold air. To make up for this fault, one man was seen standing ready for a plunge with four of the lesky appendages attached to his person.

"In the search for life-preservers in the gentleman's cabin, one gentleman was found asleep and roused. 'What shall I do?' said he. 'Get a life-preserver on as soon as possible,' was the reply. Not being able to find one, or his clothing, he rushed on deck with a sheet around him, and began to call out, 'For God's sake bring me some clothes!'

"Another man was so terrified that the perspiration rolled from his face, and saturated his clothing. A fellow passenger offered him a glass of brandy, but he was too much paralyzed to swallow it. Numbers of stout young men were rushing about in an agony of despair; others were praying loudly. A company of Irish emigrants were shrieking like wild animals. One lady, who supposed her dress would embarrass her in the water, before putting on her life-preserver, stripped herself down to her hooped skirt, which she retained as likely to add to her buoyancy. The ladies, as a general thing, were perfectly cool and collected. Many of them, perfectly resigned to their fate, refused to take life-preservers, as likely only to prolong a painful struggle. On the contrary, one gentleman took out his wallet, which he said contained several hundred dollars of money, and offered the whole of it for a good life-preserver."

THE BIG AND LITTLE QUEUES.

FROM GOODRICH'S RECOLLECTIONS.

A very keen observer, then and long afterwards a Senator of the United States, once told me that at this period, all the barbers in Washington were Federalists, and he imputed it to the fact that the leaders of that party in Congress wore powder and long queues, and of course had them dressed every day by the barber. The Democrats, on the contrary, wore short hair, or at least small queues, tied up carelessly with a ribbon, and therefore gave little encouragement to the tonsorial art.

One day, as the narrator told me, while he was being *shaved by the leading* barber of the city—who was, of course, a Federalist—the latter suddenly and vehemently burst out against the nomination of Madison for the Presidency, by the Democratic party, which had that morning been announced.

"Dear me!" said the barber, "surely this country is doomed to disgrace and shame. What Presidents we might have, sir! Just look at Daggett, of Connecticut, and Stockton, of New Jersey! What queues they have got, sir!—as big as your wrist, and powdered every day, sir, like real gentlemen as they are. Such men, sir, would confer dignity upon the Chief Magistracy; but this little Jim Madison, with a queue no bigger than a pipe-stem! Sir, it is enough to make a man forswear his country!"

☞ Nearly all brave men have been of a finely organised and therefore nervous temperament. Julius Cæsar was nervous, so was Bonaparte, so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," he said, "is a brave man; he knows his danger and faces it."

☞ Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing so when silence would be censurable and falsehood inexcusable.

☞ Well Named.—Augustus *Shell* is the leader of the Hard *Shells* of New York.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 222—Adults 75, and children 147.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

About 850 head of Beef Cattle were at market this week at the Bull's Head, and some 300 head at Turbert's. The market was moderately active, and prices ruled about the same as last week, generally ranging at from 8½ to 9¼, and a few extra Cattle at 9¾@10 the 100 lbs. 150 head were left over unsold. The following sales were reported at the Bull's Head:

70	Chester co, Alexander & Co,	good	8 a10
53	do Kimball & Humes,	do	8½a10
61	do Underwood & Chandler,		8 a10
22	do Robt Neely,	extra	9½a10
110	do Wm Boyd,	good	9
36	do Hathaway & McPhillan, fed by John Black, Hog Island,	do	9½ 91
81	Virginia Hathaway & McFillan,	do	9½ 9¾
6	Chester co		8½a10
20	" H P Hewston,	do	8½a10
23	" M Cowhran,	do	9 a10
31	Virginia, Thos Cooper,	good	8½a 9
17	Chester co fr H Young,	do	9½a 9¾
71	" Scott & Kimball,	fine	9½a10
37	" Jno Mensch,	good	9½a 9¾
101	Virginia H Schlesinger,	"	9 a 9½
47	Delaware Jackson Holmes,	"	9½a10

At Turbert's the following sales were reported:

29	Chester county, by W. H. Forest, at	$9@9.25
28	do do A. Heitzelbaugh at	8@8.50
30	head of Ohio, Capse, at	7.75@8.50
20	Chester county, by Abram Eckward, at	9a 10

The balance in small lots by the owners, at 7.50@9

Of Cows and Calves, the offerings were some 400 head, principally at the Washington Grove Yard, Ridge Avenue, this week, and dull, at from $30 to $45 for Fresh Cows, $25@$35 for Springers, and $12 to $40 for Dry Cows.

Of Hogs about 3200 were in chiefly at Singer's and Turbert's; the demand was brisk, and all offered sold at from $7.50 to $8.25 the 100 lbs.

The offerings of Sheep and Lambs were less this week, only reaching about 1800 head at Turbert's and Strickland's, sales ranging at from $4.50 to $5, with a few choice lots at $5.50 each as to condition.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 1020 Beeves, 325 Stores, 4200 Sheep and Lambs, and 2500 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25; first quality, $6.75@7; second, $6@6.50; third do $7.

Working Oxen—$110, 125@150.

Milch Cows—$30@45; quality common $36.

Veal Calves—No sales noticed.

Yearlings—$14@18.

Two-years old—$20@22.

Three-years old—$26@28.

Hides—6½@6¾ ₩ lb.

Calf Skins—14c ₩ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 6½@6¾ lb. rough 7½c.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra $6@7; in lots $5.75@6.

Pelts—$1@1.50.

Swine—In lots 7½@8; fat Hogs, still fed 6½@7 cors for 7c ₩ lb.

Remarks—Beef, sales, 800; a few very extra sold somewhat above quotations; lenders are firm, and upon the whole sales are not active. Sheep plenty in market and sells a shade lower. Swine selling well at the above prices, with a good supply of large fat Hogs.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

There were some 300 less Beef Cattle at market than were offered on last market day. The demand was brisk and the sales show an improvement since last week of fully 25c ₩ 100 lbs.—The offerings were 800 head; 50 of which were driven to Philadelphia. 50 were sold to feeders and graziers, and the balance (700 head) were taken by Baltimore butchers, the bulk at prices ranging from $5.25 to $6.75 on the hoof, equal to $8.75@$11.25 net, and averaging $6.124 gross. A few very fine Cattle were sold at $6@6.25 on the hoof.

Hogs—There were about 3,000 Hogs at market; 1,000 of which were sold at prices ranging from $7.50 @8 per 100 lbs. The general figure was for prime, and the highest for picked lots. Prime Hogs were decidedly firmer than at the opening of the week.

Sheep—Sheep continue in demand at $5 @6 50 ₩ 100 lbs gross. These figures are the same as those of last week.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post,
December 22, 1856.

The Produce Markets generally have been dull, the near approach of the Holidays operating unfavorably on business. Rates are still at a further decline. Breadstuffs have been very quiet. Flour is a shade lower, while for Wheat and Corn rather higher prices have been realized. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have both declined. Coal is in steady demand both for shipment and home consumption, but vessels are very scarce and the continued rates of freight have materially restricted operations. Coffee has been in steady demand at full prices. Cotton was slightly improved. Sugar and Molasses have been very quiet. Iron is dull, and Lead is but little inquired after. Leather is scarce and wanted. Naval Stores come forward slowly, and for Spirits of Turpentine prices are lower. Oils are unchanged. Provisions are held firmly, but there has been very little doing. Rice is steady. Salt remains dull. Clover seed is in steady demand, but other descriptions are not wanted. Tobacco is held very firmly. Wool is of light account at full prices. In Hay there has been but a small trade doing, either among the Jobbing or Commission Houses, and prices remain without change. The taking of "account of stock" has claimed most of the attention of the dealers.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market has been dull since our last, and in effect sales, some holders have been disposed to submit to a concession of 6c to 12c ₩ bbl. The receipts and stocks are moderate, but there is very little export demand, and only 3,000 bbls Ohio sold and good brands have been disposed of at $5,31@5.37½ select brands at $5.50@5.75; extra at $5.62½, and extra Family and Fancy at $7@7.75. Small sales are making to the home consumption within the range of the above quotations for common and extra, and $8@8.50 for fine extra family and fancy lots. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are very dull. Small sales of the former at $4, and the latter at $3.37½ ₩ bbl, which is a decline. The week's inspections are 21,499 bbls Flour, 1649 Corn Meal, 438 Rye do.

The supplies of Wheat come forward slowly. There has been a fair demand both for shipment and milling, and prices are rather better. Sales of 40,000 bus at $1.52@1.60 ₩ bus, for red and prime Southern and Penna Red, and $1.65@1.67 for White, including some lots on terms kept private, and inferior below our lowest quotations. Rye continues in demand, and one lot of old offered—sold at 90c. Corn has been in active demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 12,000 bus at 76c for old yellow, afloat; 75@76c for Yellow at depot; 74c for mixed new and old; 73@74c for new Yellow, according to dryness; 67c for old White, and 66c for new do. Oats are in demand, and 15,000 bus Southern sold at 44@45c, and Penna 43@45c, as to quality.

PROVISIONS.—There have been very little doing. The receipts of Pork have been very light, nearly all the sales having been confined to small lots at $19@19.50 ₩ barrel for mess, $18@18.50 for No. 1; $17,25@$18 for No. 2, and $16.75 for No. 3. Limited sales of pickled Hams sold at 10@c. The demand for Lard continues limited, but there is not much offering. Sales at 9@10c bbls and tierces at 12c, and 100 kegs at 13c ₩ lb. Butter is firm. Sales of well packed at 16@18c, and roll from it to 20c ₩ lb., as in quality. Cheese unchanged.

GROCERIES.—There have been no arrivals of Coffee this week. The market continues firm, but there has been only a moderate inquiry. Sales of 400 bags Rio at 9½@10c, Java at 12@13c, and Laguayra at 11@12c ₩ lb, on time.

The market for sugar continues firm, but the demand has been confined to small lots of Muscovado at 7½@8c ₩ lb, on time. Sales of 200 hhds Cuba and Havana at 8½@9c; Porto Rico 8½c, and some Sugar House Syrup at 45c, all on time.

PIG IRON.—The market for Pig Iron continues depressed, and the transactions have been limited. Among them were 600 tons No. 1 Anthracite at $23@23.50 ₩ ton, 6 months; a lot of No. 1 at 23, and No. 2 at $21. About 250 tons Charcoal Wire Iron brought $35.6 months. Blooms range from $70 to 75 for Charcoal, and $50@52.50 for Northern. Bar and Boiler Iron are unchanged.

Lead is but little inquired after, and no sales have come under notice, except 250 tons English at New York for this market at 4½c, cash.

English Sheathing Copper remains without change, but Yellow Metal has advanced, and holders now ask 28c ₩ lb, six months.

BARK.—There is very little demand for Quercitron, and but a limited amount arriving. Sales of 120 bbls No. 1 at $37½@38 ₩ ton—closing at the latter figure, which is a decline. No transactions in Tanner's Bark.

BEESWAX.—Comes in very slowly and good yellow continues to sell at 29c ₩ lb, cash.

BONE.—Whalebone is held very firmly, and no transactions have come under our notice.

CANDLES.—Sperm sells slowly at 40@42c ₩ lb, on time; but 2 additional need a fair inquiry, and 2500 boxes city manufactured sold at 28½, 4 months.

COAL.—There is no change in prices. The receipts from the Lehigh region are over for the season, but from the Schuylkill supplies continue to come forward freely, by railroad. There is a moderate demand for home consumption, but operations at Richmond have been limited by the scarcity of vessels and the weather. There is nothing doing in Bituminous.

COTTON.—During the past week there has been a better feeling in the market, and, with moderate supplies and reduced stock, holders have succeeded in realizing an advance of ¼c. Sales of 2000 bales at 12¾@13c for low grade and middling ₩ Liverpool, and 300 to *New Orleans*.

DRUGS AND DYES.—The transactions have been limited. Among them were 200 casks Soda Ash at 2½@2¾c ₩ lb, 6 mos, to arrive, at our lowest quotation; some Caustic Soda at 3½@3¾c, 4 mos; Alum at 1½c; Refined Borax, in lots, at 23½c; Madder at 11@12c; Bleaching Powders at 2c, and Argols at 25@26c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS.—But few offering, and but little inquiry. We continue to quote Western at 31@32c ₩ lb.

FISH.—Prices of Mackerel have undergone no change. There has been a good deal of very little inquiry, and the sales have mostly been confined to small lots at $19@19.50 ₩ barrel for Shore No. 1; $7.75@8 for No. 2, and $6.75 for No. 3. Limited sales of pickled Herring and Cod Fish at former rates.

FRUIT.—The stock of all descriptions of Foreign is now much reduced. Raisins are scarce, and advancing: sales of Bunch at $2.75@3.00 ₩ box; $2 for halves, and $1.12½ for qrs. Citron and Currants are in steady demand at former rates. Figs are quiet at 12½c. Dates are very slowly. Sales of 5 tierces at 7½c ₩ lb, and the last of the lot reported, and 15c lb for prime pared. Cranberries command $12@15 ₩ barrel, as to quality.

GINSENG.—Continues scarce, and there is little or nothing doing in either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO.—Is not enquired after, and prices are nominally unchanged.

HEMP.—There is very little stock here, and no sales have been reported.

HIDES.—Prices remain without change. A lot of Laguayra sold at a price kept private.

HOPS.—Are unchanged, but the demand has been limited. Small sales of new first at 8@9c, and 12@13c, as to quality.

LEATHER.—There is a steady demand for both Sole and Slaughter, at full rates, with but little stock to operate in.

LUMBER.—There has been very little doing. A cargo of Carolina Flooring Boards sold at 21c ₩ M, and some Spruce Joist at $16. Laths sell from $1.60 to $1.70 ₩ M for Cedars and Hemlock.

NAVAL STORES.—Supplies come forward slowly, but prices are unchanged, except for Spirits of Turpentine, which is lower. Sales of 220 barrels from the wharf at 44@45c, cash and on time. About 900 barrels Common Rosin sold at $1.50 ₩ barrel, cash, and 500 barrels New, 2 and 1, at $1.62½@1.50. Tar and Pitch sell slowly at quotations.

OILS.—There is a steady store demand for Fish Oils at former rates. A sale of Winter Whale was made at 66c, 4 mos. 2000 gallons Crude at 60c. Lard Oil is held firmly at $1.45@1.50, 4 mos, for Winter, and $1 for Summer. Linseed Oil continues dull. Red Oil is scarce.

PLASTER.—A cargo of Windsor, to arrive, sold at $3.25 ₩ ton.

RICE.—There has been rather more inquiry, and prices are firmer. Sales of 200 casks at cloche ₩ lb, 4 mos.

SALT.—Four cargoes of Turks Island and 1300 sacks Liverpool Ground sold on terms not made public.

SEEDS.—There is a steady demand for Clovorseed, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 2000 bushels prime at $7.50 ₩ 64 lbs. For Timothy and Flaxseed prices are nominal. We quote the former at $3, and the latter at $1.70@1.80 ₩ bushel.

SPICES.—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS.—There has been an increased demand for Brandy and Gin, but without change in prices. N. E. Rum continues scarce, and commands 32c. Whiskey.—The demand has been limited, and prices are lower. Sales of bbls at 30@32c; hhds 29 @30c, and Drudge at 28c.

TALLOW.—Continues to meet a limited inquiry. Sales of Country and City Rendered at 9@9½c ₩ lb, cash.

TEAS.—Are in steady demand, without change in prices.

TOBACCO.—Prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured, but the sales are only to the trade.

WINES.—The sales have been limited, but at full prices.

WOOL.—The demand has somewhat fallen off, but the receipts and stocks continue small, and holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 150,000 lbs from 35½ to 52c ₩ lb, 8 mos.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is fair, and the tendency is upward, with moderate arrivals. We notice a demand for future delivery at full prices. The better grades are firm but not active. The sales are 11,500 bbls at $4.75@5.15 for No 2 superfine, $5.35@5.55 for common to good State; $5.60 @5.85 for extra State; $5.45@5.70 for superfine Indiana and Iowa; $5.85@7.10 for common to fair extra Ohio; $7.10@8 for low to choice extra Ohio; $5.85@7.75 for extra Genesee, and $6.75@ 8.75 for St Louis brands. Included in the sales are 2000 barrels extra State, and 1400 bbls do Indiana, deliverable in the next 90 days at $5.55.

Canadian Flour is firmer; the sales are 400 bbls at $5.45@5.70 for superfine, and $7@7.75 for extra brands. Southern Flour is firmer, particularly the low grades—these are offered less freely, the sales are 300 bbls at $7.10@7.35 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and $7.40@8 ₩ barrel for extra brands. Rye Flour is held firmly; sales of 50 bbls at $3.50@3.75. Corn Meal is heavy; sales of 150 bbls Jersey at $3.25@3.37½. Buckwheat Flour is in good demand at $2.25@2.50.

GRAIN.—The inquiry is good for Wheat, but at prices generally below the views of holders; sales of 700 bushels prime white Southern at $2.04, on terms; 900 bush red do at $1.96, and 12,000 bush Chicago Spring at $1.42. Rye is firm, the supply is moderate; sales of 5,000 bush at 97c. Barley is nominal at $1.20@1.30. Oats are in limited demand, but are firm at 47@48c for State, and 46@46c for Ohio and Chicago. Corn is firm, and not so freely offered at the close; sales of 15,000 bush at 78@79c for Western mixed, in store and delivered, 77c for new Southern white and yellow; 75c for old yellow do, and 76c for white do.

SUGARS.—Refiners have had very little business. They quote the market decidedly dull. We only hear of sales of 110 hhds, in lots, at 8½@8¾c. Refined are dull at former prices.

MOLASSES.—New crop New Orleans is hardly so firm; last sale at 35c. Foreign is scarce; prices rule steady.

LEATHER.—Continues to receive but a limited demand, at very full prices. The sales of the former exceed the transactions, and the stock is reduced to a low figure.

OILS.—English Linseed is less animated, but prices are firmly maintained, and for future shipments higher rates are now demanded. Absent are in its moderate request at steady rates. Sales 3,500 gallons at 82c, 60 days. Crude Whale is rather quiet—sales 7000 gallon bbls, at New Bedford, at 60c, 4 mos; in casks. Bleached sells at 69c, 4 mos; in casks. Crude and unanimitized Sperm are inactive. Lard Oil is inactive at 88@91 for Winter strained, for whole parcels, and $1.05@1.08 for small lots from store. Red Oil commands 78c, 4 mos, for prime Western.

WHISKEY.—The market is rather quiet, and is unsettled; sales 200 bbls at 29c for Ohio and Prime.

PROVISIONS.—The market is firm for Pork, with a good demand for the trade. Sales of 700 bbls at $18@19.12½ for old mess; $19.50@20.62½ for new mess; $17.50 for new mess, and $17@17.37½ for new prime. Beef is quite active, mainly to arrive, and is buoyant; the sales are 3000 bbls at 8@8.50 for prime; $9.50@12 for mess; 1000 tierces Prime Beef for shipment at $14.50@14.75 for new repacked Chicago do. Prime mess is more plenty; sales of 200 tierces Ohio at $23. Beef Hams are nominal at $17@18. Cut meats are in moderate stock; sales of Hams at 9@10c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c. Dressed Hogs are in demand at 7½@8c. Bacon is quite firm; sales of 170 boxes at the for long ribbed middles, (city cut,) and 70 tierces and boxes Shoulders at 6½c. Lard is active and firm; sales reduced for 20,000 sugar cured Hams, to arrive from Chicago. Lard is lower and in fair request at the decline; sales of 425 bbls and tierces at 12½@13c. Butter is dull and heavy at 20@30c for State, and 14 @16c for Ohio. Cheese is firm and not plenty at 8@10c.

HOPS.—The market is dull. Nothing of consequence has been done. Prices are nominal at 7@10c for common to choice Western and Western. Old are quiet at 9@5c.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for all descriptions of super flour was exceedingly quiet. Holders were generally asking $4.62½, without finding buyers. The only sales we have to note is 200 bbls Howard street super at $5.50. The market closed quiet. Family and extra Flour.—We note sales of 700 bbls Howard street extra at $7. We continue to quote Howard street and Ohio family at $8@8.50; Baltimore extra by the drop load and by the cart at $8.12½ and $8.25@8.37½ ₩ bbl.

CORN MEAL.—We have no sales to note. We continue to quote City Meal at $3.37½ ₩ bbl. Country do $3.31.25, but it is dull of sale.

RYE FLOUR.—We are without any transactions to report. We continue to quote new at $4.31@4.25; old do $4.25 @4.50.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.—Wheat.—The market was very quiet, but prices remain steady. The receipts were light, there being only 17,000 bushels offered, and sales were made of white fair to good at 155@170c; good to prime 160@165c; choice 165c; red 145@150c.

CORN.—A fair demand for Corn, and prices were steady. There were 21,000 bushels offered, and sales of new white at 76@80c; old do 78@80c; new yellow 75@76c; old do 78@80c.

OATS.—The inquiry for Oats continues brisk, and prices have an advancing tendency. There were only 700 bus offered, and sales were made at 48@50c.

RYE.—There were 1,500 bus offered, and sales of Maryland at 74c; Pennsylvania are 72 bus.

SEEDS.—We have no sales to report. We quote Clover seed at $7.75@8; Timothy $1.25@1.50 ₩ bus.

WHISKEY.—The market is very unsettled, and consequently we have no transactions to report. We quote nominally City at 28@29c; Ohio do 28@29c ₩ gal. There is still a difference of 1@2c ₩ gal between time and cash sales.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

ALLERTON'S.—The market opened with a very fair demand for good fleshy cattle, and continued quite so active as one week, with a rapid advance on prices for extra beeves. The average quality was much the same as that of last week—fair. The supply was made up chiefly of State cattle, with about 400 from Ohio, and about the same number from Kentucky. First quality sold at from 10 to 10½c ₩ lb, and extra at 10½c, with only a few at the latter rate. There were four head of very fine cattle on sale, which were sold last Spring to be fatted and delivered before the holidays. Three of them were so sold and sold by Mr. E. Conk

THE SLAVE EXCITEMENT.—The reported slave insurrection in Harrison Co., Texas, proves to have been greatly exaggerated. The committee charged with the investigation of the matter, reports that there is no evidence of any concert among the slaves, nor are any whites implicated.

The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette says, also, that the rumors of insurrection there have been greatly exaggerated.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 15.—The Courier of this morning says that on Saturday morning, the Rev. Wm. Anderson, a colored preacher of the Methodist Church, and chief of the abolitionists of Madison Co., Ind., was captured on board the steamer Telegraph with a carpet-bag filled with incendiary documents. He has been engaged in running off slaves from the vicinity of Carrollton. Documents were found in his possession implicating distinguished Northerners. He was taken yesterday, on the steamer Superior to Carrollton, where a reward of $600 had been offered for his arrest.

The colored preacher, Anderson, was examined, at Carrollton, Ky., on the 19th, on the charge of enticing slaves to run away, but nothing was proved. He was held on other charges from Henry and Trimble counties.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 16.—The authorities of Alexandria, Va., telegraphed Gov. Wise on Sunday last for arms to suppress an apprehended slave insurrection. They were sent the same night by express.

GALLATIN, Tenn., Dec. 16.—Some 25 or 30 negroes have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in a conspiracy. The citizens have appointed a committee to examine the matter.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 17.—The latest advices from the Cumberland river, state that twenty-five iron furnaces in that region have stopped operations, apprehending an insurrection among the slaves employed in them.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 17.—The City Councils of Clarksville, Tenn., have instructed the Recorder to notify iron-masters and other owners of slaves, that no slave will be permitted to come into the city to remain more than two hours, unless accompanied by a responsible white person, under penalty of twenty lashes; slaves having wives and holding their master's passes are excepted. Persons having slaves going to or from the Christmas festivities are not to allow them to pass through Clarksville, unless some respectable white person will keep them together and not allow them to mingle with the negroes at Clarksville.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 18.—Officer Blight, of Louisville, arrested at the supper-table last evening, on board the Cincinnati mail-boat Superior, a negro blacksmith, named Elijah Anderson, and who has shops at Cleveland, Ohio, and Madison, Ind. He is charged with enticing slaves to run away from Carrollton, Ky., and, when arrested, was on his way to Cincinnati from Madison. The arrest caused great excitement at the table. Anderson was brought here and lodged in jail, and was to-day taken to Carrollton. He is said to be a brother of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, recently arrested.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 20.—The Rockville Herald, of Wednesday, says that much excitement exists in that neighborhood and at Volney and Gordonville, in relation to the insurrectionary movement among the slaves. A number of negroes have been arrested. One, employed at the Tennessee Iron Works, said he knew all about the plot, but would die before disclosing it. He was whipped to force him to disclose the facts, and died after receiving 760 lashes.

In Cadiz, Twigge county, a free negro was hung yesterday, after being tried by the Vigilance Committee. A number are in jail, some of whom will be hung. Judge Cook has called the Court for Christmas day. The excitement is increasing.

PRESSURE OF FIRED GUNPOWDER.—It is well understood that the pressure of the explosion in a gun is greatest at the beginning, and gradually dies away as the ball moves forward; but this depends much on the combustibility of the powder. With good quick powder the pressure at the instant the powder is fired is immense; but until recently no one has been able to measure it. Mr. W. F. Woodbridge and Major Alfred Mordecai have been recently making some experiments, at the expense of the U. S. Ordnance Department, for testing this point, at the Arsenal in Washington. With a ball weighing about 6½ lbs. and a charge of 1½ lbs. of Dupont's cannon powder, the greatest pressure at any instant on the interior of the gun, at one inch from the breech, varied between 19,000 and 21,000 pounds per square inch. At one foot from the breech the greatest pressure was only about 8,000 pounds; at two feet about the same; at three feet about 6,000, and at four feet about 5,000 pounds. The pressure of a small quantity of Hazzard's rifle powder, fired in a cavity from which there was absolutely no escape, was not sufficient to burst the box—the strength of which was estimated sufficient to sustain an internal pressure of about 7000 pounds per square inch. These facts are interesting, as they serve to show how the metal should be distributed in casting cannon, and also remove the belief, which exists among practicmen, that one train of powder absolutely confined would exert an infinite force.

A PAINFUL RENDING occurrence took place in Newport, Columbia county, New York, in which a child was killed while in the arms of its mother, and her sister. Mrs. Dickerman was sitting in a room with her child, a boy of about two years of age, upon her lap, engaged in dressing a doll at the same time her sister, a Miss Platner, was cutting the wick of a candle with a pair of scissors. The sisters were engaged in an animated conversation, when Miss Platner, in a fit of abstraction threw the scissors at her sister with great force, the point striking the child upon his breast, penetrating to the heart. The innocent little one groaned, "oh, mother! mother!" and immediately expired. Mrs. Dickerman did not see her sister throw the scissors, and was not conscious of what had been done until she saw the instrument of death planted in his breast. A coroner's jury was called, who, after a full investigation of the affair, rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts. Miss Platner is now confined in the county jail, to await the action of the grand jury.

PREVENTIVE OF SCARLET FEVER.—A correspondent of the Boston Post suggests a preventive of scarlet fever. He says:—"A Globule of *Belladonna*, taken every morning, by each and every member of a family—adults, children, servants, and all others—will certainly prevent the spread of this dreadful disease in every household that will adopt it, as certainly as vaccination will prevent small pox. Ten cents will purchase a supply of any of our Homœopathists. A few globules, applied to a globule and placed upon the tongue of a child or adult is all that is necessary to be done to prevent the spread of this disease." [Doubtful—but no harm trying.]

CONVERSIONS TO PROTESTANTISM.—A London paper of Nov. 29, says:

"The movement towards Protestantism in Bohemia, Moravia, and Austrian Silesia, is becoming daily more immense and overwhelming; whole families, in all their branches, simultaneously embracing the Lutheran creed, and leading others in the same route, to the consternation of the Roman Catholic clergy, who are striving by every possible means to stop the current. It appears that the recent concordat with the Pope, which disgusts the more intelligent inhabitants of these countries, is the dominant cause of this movement."

THE NERVES OF HORSES IMPAIRED BY RAILWAYS.—M. Alex. Aumont, the Napoleon of the French Turf, has brought an action against a railway company, whose line crosses his celebrated private race-field and stables at Chantilly, laying its damages at $100,000. He alleges that the passage of the railway trains destroys the nerves of those race horses. His stock of spoiled horses is advertised to be sold at auction; this, however, is the third or fourth time they have been sold at auction, and he will doubtless buy them in, as he has hitherto done. The railway company offers him $6,000 damages.

THE Holyoke Bank of Northampton has been placed under temporary injunction. It is believed to be a perfectly solvent, but has been infringing the Banking Laws.

POSTAGE.—Persons writing from the States to Canada, make a great mistake in the postage to the lines, three cents, is all that is required, and is lost, as letters come free, 10 cents. By the postal arrangement between the two countries, it is optional to pay; but a partial payment, is "struck off" by postmasters.

A MAN SALTED DOWN BY HIS OWN REQUEST.—A singular circumstance recently occurred in Miller county, Illinois. An old man, named Wilson, aged 86, died, having made arrangements with certain persons not to bury him, but to have his entrails taken out and put in a box and placed beside his coffin, which he has had over ten years. He was then filled with salt and sewed up with a grape vine, or something of that sort. He was then carried to the repository of his coffin—a cavity in a perpendicular bluff, about fifty or sixty feet from the bottom. About two hundred persons were present.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 18 Ann Street, New York.
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E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD SCHEME.—If this line scheme should ever be consummated, it is not difficult to imagine what will be its importance. The dwellers in the vast territories west of the Rocky Mountains will then enjoy advantages now only possessed by the denizens of more favored regions, and they will be enabled to send their orders for elegant garments direct to the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

THINGS WE NEVER DISSEE.—A man who could hold an umbrella properly over a lady's bonnet, or put on her cloak or shawl without crushing her bonnet or hair; or be good natured when he was sick, or had cut his chin when shaving, or had to wait two minutes for his dinner or breakfast, or who was ever "refused" by a lady.

A bachelor whose carpet did not wear out first in front of the looking glass.

An author who did not feel nervous at the idea of examining trunk linners and parcel wrappers.

A man whose clothing excited the admiration of all, who did not procure them at Granville Stokes's establishment, No. 26 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

GOOD.—It is seldom that a medicine meets with such general favor among all classes, and especially among the educated, as Dr. Graysteel Bitters. These Bitters are free from alcohol, and are a never-failing cure for dyspepsia.

TO SUFFERERS FROM GENERAL NERVOUS DEBILITY.—Just published, the history and uses of the Ignatia Amara and the modes of Self-Cure, with remarks on its peculiar properties in removing various unhealthy and irritable conditions of the Brain and Nervous System, by John M. Ormsbee, 38 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, New York. A copy of which he will send free, on the receipt of Two Postage Stamps. dec20-4t

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
Greenville, Green Co., Tenn., July 6th, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne,
Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the effect of one of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In November last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of five or six weeks, he still got weaker every day. For six weeks he could not be moved in his bed, but thank God his mother was looking over one of your almanacs, and found a case of one Patterson, whose disease was the same as my son's. She did not advise him what to do, but got one of his brothers to read the case to him, and if he was willing to quit the doctor and try your Alterative, we would procure some for him. He gave his consent, and we bought six bottles of it. Ere one he began taking it the pain got more easy. I think it was eighteen bottles he made use of, and then mended on. He is now going about and working, but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had gone through with the doctor, and not taken your Alterative, he would have been in his grave at this time, but with the blessing of God, and the help of your medicine, our son is now in the land of the living.

No more at present, I remain your friend and well wisher until death. PETER CHAMPION, Sr.

The Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov29-6t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Aston, on 6th day, the 27th of 11th mo. at the residence of her father, by Friends' ceremony, C. Grosvenor Lewis, of Edgmont, to ABBIE ANNA, daughter of John W. Thatcher, both of Delaware county.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL TAYLOR, to Miss MARY SUTTON, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the same, Mr. ANDREW SNYDER, to Miss SARAH RAPINE, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. HENRY SCHMIDT, to Miss ADELINE FAUNCE, both of Kensington.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. JOHN M. RICHARDS, to Miss MARY E. HAWKINS, both of Camden, Del.

On the 1st instant, at Germantown, by the Rev. L. F. Albert, JAMES M. SMITH, to CAROLINE C. daughter of William Crout, Jr.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Morrice, Miss LIZZIE ABRAHAMS, daughter of Moses Abrahams, Esq. of this city, to Mr. G. HIRSH, of Staunton, Va.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. DAVID SHENKLER, to Miss MARY KAUFMAN, both of Chester county.

On the 4th of Nov. by the Rev. J. R. Ayres, Mr. ROBERT R. MITCHELL, to Miss ANNIE M. HUTCHESON, both of this city.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN DAVISON, to Miss JANE INGRAM, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hotter, Mr. ISAAC L. REIFF, of Upper Dublin, to Miss LIZZIE M. Lewis, of Whitemarsh, both of Montgomery county.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. M. McCarter, Mr. RICHARD DANVERS, of Philadelphia, to HARRIET L. MEADS, of Albany.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. William E. Perry, Mr. JAMES B. HARRIS, of Bridesburg, Pa. to ANNIE M. PIKE, of Camden, N. J.

On the 11th instant, in Reading, Pa. by the Rev. J. Shrigley, Mr. JOHN SOUR, to Miss MATTHEWS, of Georgia, to Miss SARAH M. TYSON, of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, in New York, by the Rev. Wm. R. Gries, of Doylestown, Pa. WILLIAM U. OVERDONK, to CHARLOTTE E. daughter of the late Henry N. Haro, of St. Thomas, W. I.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. Monson Olmstead, D. D. Mr. AMOS BONSALL, to ANNA W. daughter of the late Ferdinand L. Wagner, M. D.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. G. Washington Jerman, Mr. LORENZO D. HENDERSON, both of Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Cuthbert, Mr. J. H. BLAKE to Miss ELIZA H. DAVIS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th instant, by the Rev. A. Cheeseman, Mr. JOSEPH A. LINDSAY, to Miss MARY MCCLELLAND, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. JAMES CALDWELL, to Miss MATILDA HOE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Pershey, Mr. PETER SCHNEIDER, to Miss MARY E. HOLTZ, both of Philadelphia.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Cooley, Mr. ROBERT BARCLAY, to CAROLINE SHEAFFER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, Mr. LOUIS AGASSIZ, to Miss LOUISE TAYLOR, both of Kennett, Chester county, Pa.

On the 11th instant, at Manayunk, by the Rev. W. F. Watkinson, Mr. RICHARD BROWN, to Miss SOPHIA THEWLIS, both of Manayunk.

On the 27th ultimo, in Camden, THOMAS N. R. CLOWES, Esq. of Philadelphia, to E. G. SIDNEIRES, daughter of David Doughten, Esq. of the former place.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, in Newportville, Bucks county, Pa. on the evening of the 8th Dec. 1856, CALEB BOUTCHER, in the 81st year of his age.

On the 16th instant, in Marshallton, Chester county, Pa., C. W. PARRIOT, M. D. aged 63 years.

On the 8th instant, Miss MARY F. COX, aged 51 years.

On the 19th instant, CHARLES C. son of Peter and Mary Reinsilber, aged 3 years and 3 months.

On the 16th instant, JAMES, son of Wm. and Mary McKay, aged 4 years and 1 months.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. MARY EFFRIGHT, aged 80 years.

On the 18th instant, MARY A. HASS, daughter of John McHenry, aged 25 years.

In Norristown, on the 13th instant, Mrs. MARGARET A. wife of Jacob C. Hyer, aged 29 years.

On the 16th instant, JAMES RUSSELL, son of Peter and Caroline M. Marsh, aged 6 years and 5 months.

At Frankford, on the 15th instant, JAMES M. WAGNER, aged 26 years.

On the 16th instant, MARY PITTMAN, aged 18 years.

On the 13th instant, ABIGAIL V. wife of Job Bartlett, aged 46 years.

On the 18th instant, ELIZABETH ANN, daughter of Eleazer and Phebe Ingel, aged 19 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. ANN J. ARDINE, aged 24 years.

On the 18th instant, Mr. J. MCHAVEN VENNER, Student of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, of Vicksburg, Miss. aged 22 years.

On the 8th instant, at New Milford, Conn. MARY WELLER, wife of Chas. W. Boris, of this city.

On the 26th instant, by the Rev. J. M. McCarter, Mr. RICHARD DANVERS, of Philadelphia, to HARRIET L. MEADS, of Albany.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. William E. Perry, Mr. JAMES B. HARRIS, of Bridesburg, Pa. to ANNIE M. PIKE, of Camden, N. J.

On the 11th instant, in Reading, Pa. by the Rev. J. Shrigley, Mr. JOHN SOUR, to Miss MATTHEWS, of Georgia, to Miss SARAH M. TYSON, of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, in New York, by the Rev. Wm. R. Gries, of Doylestown, Pa. WILLIAM U. OVERDONK, to CHARLOTTE E. daughter of the late Henry N. Haro, of St. Thomas, W. I.

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On the 16th instant, by the Rev. G. Washington Jerman, Mr. LORENZO D. HENDERSON, both of Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Cuthbert, Mr. J. H. BLAKE to Miss ELIZA H. DAVIS, both of Philadelphia.

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On the 27th ultimo, in Camden, THOMAS N. R. CLOWES, Esq. of Philadelphia, to E. G. SIDNEIRES, daughter of David Doughten, Esq. of the former place.

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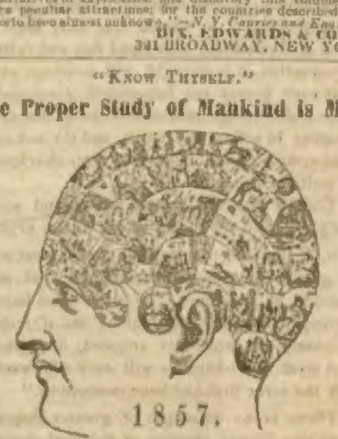

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THE TUSCALOOSA GIRL.

"Oh, ain't they, though! *I* ain't they good looking? I should rather think they are," said Tom. "I tell you what 'tis, I can just show you as pretty girls in the South and West as you can find anywhere on dry land. One I met at a ball in Tuscaloosa was good enough for anybody, and if any white man says she warn't, just let him say it loud enough for me to hear him."

"Tell us about her, Tom," suggested I.

"Well, gentlemen, she was about five feet high and eighteen years old, black hair and eyes, and dressed as tasty as any woman in the States. Awful good on dancing, too. I kind of froze to her first off, and got no better very fast, after getting an introduce. Tell you what it was—she was a mighty stunning piece—waltzed with her nigh half an hour, and then we sauntered out on the piazza to get cool. Got to talking about the moon, and stars, and all that sort of thing, (queer how fond of astronomy young folks are), told her that I knew one star—one 'bright particular star,' (Shakspeare, you know), that would just take down all the rest of them put together. She asked what star 'twas; I hemmed and hawed, and did a little bit of the diffident—nothing like a little bit of the diffident with girls like her—finally I hinted in a mild way, that she was the star, and squeezed her hand gently at the same time.

"Lord o' mercy, what a pretty hand she had! *just as soft as a jolly little white rose leaf*, and no bigger than three of my fingers. Well, when I squeezed it, she gave a little bit of a pressure back again, that ran tingling all the way up my brachial artery, and turned the blood to pure nectar; then she rolled her eyes up so that the moon shone on them, and I could look away down into them about a quarter of a mile. That made me feel kind of queer, you know, and somehow, without exactly knowing much about it, I found my arm around her taper waist, and could feel her blessed little heart jumping, like a rat in a steel-trap. Directly she laid her head over on my shoulder, so that her warm, sweet breath swept over my cheek, and kind of rustled up the end of my moustache, at the same time letting the full flood of tenderness pour up from her eyes into mine.

"Don't laugh, boys, if I do get a little highfalutin'; you don't know how you'd have felt if you'd been in my boots just then. It took my breath away; but I mustered up all my courage, and turned around a little, put my left hand under the back of her head, raised it up ('fraid I mussed her hair slightly—it was done up mighty nice, I tell you), and bending down, gave her a ringing kiss right on her mouth.

"Now, boys, by jingo, I tell you what it is; I've tasted sweet things afore now—talk about honey and sugar—talk about your Charlotte Russes—your Meringues a la Creme—they are nowhere. I felt as if I had died in a candy shop, and had gone to the forty-ninth heaven, where I was eating sweetened ambrosia, with a whole crowd of sho-angels playing on golden harps all inside of my head. I swow, if my heart didn't swell up as big as a two-bushel basket, and it hammered away, thump-thump-thump, so you might have heard it a mile off. She didn't say anything when I done it, and I was just going to do some more, when Jim Sawyer came along with his girl and interrupted. I hate Jim Sawyer."

"Too bad by half," said *Joe, who had been* very quiet during Tom's narration, "did you follow it up?"

"No; I was only travelling through there—left next day and never saw her again, nor any other girl equal to her. I tell you what, I'd rather have lost the best paying patient I ever had, than to have lost sight of that girl. But you know what we used to say at college. '*Mutatis mutandus—Tempus frigit—Sic transit gloria mundi.*' That's all the Latin I remember; let's go and have something, I'm as thirsty as a graven image."

SYMPTOMS OF FIRST LOVE.—When you find Master Jack suddenly refuse one morning to play marbles any more forever—be sure that Master Jack is seized with his first love.

When you find in Master Jack's bed-room sundry looking bottles with a yellow bear in a blue forest on the label,—which (the label, not the bear,) informs you the contents of the bottle is an onguent that makes the moustaches grow—you may be sure Master Jack is seized with his first love.

If you find Master Jack no longer pays that attention to the solids of the dinner-table which he was wont to do, and there is no other cause, be sure it is an attack of his first love that occasions it.

If Jack becomes satirical and alludes in scornful terms to the world, be sure Jack's first love has just sprouted.

If you find a pocket edition of Byron anywhere about Jack's clothes, be sure Jack's far gone in his first love.

If you find a pair of patent leathers coming home from your shoemaker's one Saturday afternoon, and can't remember ordering them, and they don't fit anybody but Jack—don't blame him. First love's responsible.

If you see Jack's finger ends rather inky, and scraps of an acrostic anywhere around, be assured that first love has caused the spoiling of some good stationery.

Finally, if Jack is suffering from first love, don't be hard on the poor fellow, and above all, don't meet the complaint with too strong remedies, lest it strike in, and Jack strike out from parental authority. First love is like the whooping-cough—we must all have it, and it is best to catch it young.

☞ Rev. Dr. Peddie, of Edinburgh, having lately been presented by the ladies of his congregation with a pulpit gown, found some prejudice against his wearing it among his parishioners. To one old lady who objected, he said:—

"Well, Janet, what objection have you to the pulpit gown?"

"Aweel, sir," said Janet, "we never read of the apostle Paul wearing a gown."

The doctor replied:—

"You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeches."

This satisfied the old lady.

THE LITERAL MAN.—Mr. Slow's character is indicated by his name. He never jokes, and unless a pleasantry is as palpable as a brick he does not see it. Everything assumes a fearful reality with him. His son, the other day, was speaking of the alarming speed of the cars upon some railroads—so great that it was found impossible to count the posts in a fence by which they passed.

"Ah," said Mr. Slow, looking up with momentary interest, "and what did they want to count them for?"—*Boston Gazette.*

DOING THE TAW-TAW-TALKING PART.—Amos Merton and Gawin Goodlucke helped to compose the community; in fact, they went a good way toward making up the town, and I don't believe 'twould be much of a place without them. Nothing ever happened in town or around, but Gawin Goodlucke knew all about it, and he'd tell Amos; but when Amos repeated it, he always stated his authority, by saying, when he thought the thing was a lie, "Gentlemen, Gawin's my authority." Amos was noted for his sobriety and truthfulness, and Gawin was his opposite.—How they ever came to be such friends, everybody would often say, I can't see. But they were fast friends. By-the-bye, Amos stuttered, and whenever he repeated any of Gawin's yarns, or exploits that were the least bit extravagant, he stuttered worse, and would occasionally turn red in the face, for Amos was a modest, honest young man.

Gawin used to make Amos the hero of some of his stories, and he told me this one day, and it's a true tale:

"Amos and I," said Gawin, "went out to Col. Wilkin's orchard one day to get some apples. Having eaten as many as we wanted, and loaded our pockets, when we were coming back, just as we turned the corner of the orchard, we saw old Watkin's son Bill coming out of the gate, on old Sue, that old mare, you know, with a bag of apples, a bucket of butter, and a basket of eggs on his arm, on his way to town. He hadn't got far down the road before Amos said to me:

"'Gaw-Gaw-Gawin, sup-sup suppose we a-a-act the Mur-Mur-Murrell part-part by that boy?'

"'How's that, Amos?' said I.

"'Why, ju-just let's muf-muf-muffle ourselves up i-in our co-co-coats, and he-head in rou-round thur-thur-thicket, and yu-yu-you jc-je-jump out and ca-ca-catch his horse, and by g-g-gings! I'll do thur-thur-taw-taw-talking part.'

"Well, we muffled ourselves up in our coats as well as we could, slouched our hats over our eyes, and headed in through the thicket around, and in a few minutes up came the boy; out I jumped and caught the horse, and out jumped Amos and caught the boy, exclaimed:

"'St-st-st-stand and de-de-deliver, by g-g-gings!'

"'Oh, go away, Amos Nelson, you stuttering old fool! Do you think you could fool anybody?' said the boy, right off—and we let go; but it rather kinder plagues Amos, to this day, his idea of doing the taw-taw-talking part."—*Spirit of the Times.*

RAILROAD EPITAPHS.—The following collection of epitaphs explain themselves:

"A sudden pitch
From a misplaced switch,
Laid me dead in a ditch."

"Off the track the engine rushed—
Some were drowned, and I was crushed."

"Here repose two victims, staked
At one blow by the same snake-head."

"What is life? 'Tis but a vision,
Here I died by a collision.
Twenty more died by the same,
Verdict—"Nobody to blame."

"Sister, mother, aunt and me,
Were run over. Here we be.
We should have had time to mizzle,
If they'd blown the engine whistle."

A SLIP OF THE PEN.—In the early days of the colony of Massachusetts, an honest farmer had occasion to address the Judges of the highest legal *tribunal of the province. The letter* was received, and the Clerk of the Court proceeding to read it, came to this strange sentence: "I address you, not as Judges, but as *Indian devils?*" He hesitated and looked at the sentence again very carefully. "Yes," said he, "he actually addresses your honors as Indian devils!" The dignitaries of the Bench were, of course, indignant, and sent the epistle back, with a demand for an explanation; when it appeared that the man *intended* to address them, "not as Judges, but as *Individuals.*"

This reminds us of a *lapsus pennæ*, which occurred somewhere in Georgia, in more modern times:

An ignorant fellow, in a petition to the Justices of the Inferior Court of a certain county, addressed the honorable gentlemen as "*just-asses*," not more to their indignation than to the mirth of the wags of the county, who declared that the term was exceedingly apt, particularly the last part of it.

FASHIONABLE RIGGING.—A lady arrayed in the height of existing fashion presents an interesting spectacle. Her dress, piled tier above tier, renders her an example of beauty in tiers of muslin. This peculiar arrangement of female costume affords facilities for the introduction of a new pattern, which would probably become popular. Each tier might be figured with representations of the portholes of a man-of-war, carrying guns. Thus decorated with the semblance of decks, the little "craft" might sail down upon the spectator with striking effect. In this nautical trim a young lady might exhibit herself at a fancy dress ball in the character of the *Saucy Arethusa*—unless it may be objected that to come it, in Cockney phraseology, so strong as this, would be unsuitable to the character of the weaker vessel.—*Punch.*

A CIRCULAR SAW.—"Hoop skirts," said old Roger to Miss Seraphima, as she was dressed to go out, "are indicative of the extent of a lady's acquaintance."

She playfully turned and demanded an explanation, calling him a "naughty, naughty man," for meddling with that which didn't belong to him.

"How does it indicate her acquaintance, sir?"

"Why," said he, pulling down his white waistcoat, and looking pleasantly at her voluminous habit, "it indicates that she has a large circle about her."

Seraphima went out with a smile, like the mouth of June.

☞ "You will of course immediately join the mess, Mr. ———," said the adjutant to an ensign, on the day of his arrival at the regiment.

"You are very kind, sir," stammered out the incipient hero, "but the last promise which I made to my father was to avoid getting into any mess whatever."

☞ A queer looking customer inserted his head into an auction room, and gravely inquired:—

"Can I bid, sir?"

"Certainly," replied the auctioneer.

"Well, then," said the wag, walking off, "I bid you good-night."

☞ The man who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

POLICEMAN (*to Boy.*)—"Now then, off with that hoop! or I'll precious soon help you!"

LADY (*who imagines the observation is addressed to her.*)—"What a monster!" [*Lifts up the Crinoline, and hurries off.*]

Agricultural.

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF LAMBS.

The necessity for making ample provisions of pasture for lambs from their weaning until the approach of winter has already been urged. This, however, is not properly attended to by many, and when winter is at hand, their condition is by no means what it should be. It may be set down as a rule never to be transgressed with impunity, that all animals when growing should be bountifully fed, as well as receive all other proper attentions conducive to their welfare; otherwise, it will be vain to expect, when at maturity, that they will exhibit the perfection of their species. The general qualities of any domestic animal, however perfect nature may have done her work, can always be further improved by art, or otherwise, by judicious feeding and strict attentions in every other regard. It is very much from this cause that celebrated breeders have gained their renown for improvements effected in breeds of cattle, as well as sheep. If we would have perfect animals, we cannot commence too early to lay the foundation of their excellence.

It is a custom with quite a large majority of sheep farmers to delay graining their lambs until the approach of spring, when they are sometimes far gone in poverty. Is this wise? Would it have been thus if they had been grain-fed at the beginning and through the early part of winter? Is it not better to begin as soon as this, in order to furnish them with the necessary stamina to withstand the severity of northern winters, which is always greatest in the months of January and February. Put them early in a condition to pass through those terrible months, and subsequently all will be well. Truly the course of flock-masters, in this regard, is like giving the patient his medicine when he is on the confines of death! Therefore, viewing the matter in this light, the writer has no hesitation in saying that a single peck of grain fed in December is worth a bushel fed in March.

As we remarked at the conclusion of summer management, the grass at the beginning of November loses much of its nutrition from repeated freezing; therefore at this period the lambs should be assembled, and classed relative to size and condition, divided into flocks of about 100 each, and feeding them with grain should forthwith commence. As it is sometimes impracticable to call them into the sheep-folds without considerable trouble, the feeding-troughs should be removed to the fields in which they are confined; then the flock-master may begin feeding them about four quarts of oats daily, which he should be careful to distribute the entire length of the troughs. They will be very shy for a day or two, but the example of approaching them by the tame sheep which were placed among them at weaning time, will be the means of soon overcoming it. After the lapse of a week, the quantity of grain may be gradually increased to half a bushel, which should be the minimum quantity for the residue of the season. When the major portion have partaken of the oats, the troughs may be removed back to the sheep-yards, and the time fixed for feeding should be about sundown, after which they can retire to the shelter, should the weather require it. At this time, a little hay should also be given early in the morning, which may be pursued until circumstances demand a change wholly to fodder.

About the middle of December, or before, let the feed be somewhat changed, by mixing with the oats a portion of pea-meal or wheat shorts: at all events, let it be meal of some kind which they may fancy, for in order to induce them to eat potatoes, it will be necessary to cut them into delicate pieces, and sprinkle the meal well over them. If sheep are wholly unaccustomed to potatoes their aversion to them will not be overcome without the adoption of this course. Beets and rutabaga may be substituted for the potatoes; but the reader has been informed that they are better adapted to the purpose of the sheep-fattener. If it is our wish to grow wool, and not fat mutton, it will be wise in us to use those means which will afford the largest returns. Half a bushel of potatoes given at intervals of twice a week will be the right quantity, which it will be well to continue to sprinkle with meal, as well as with a small quantity of salt. On other days the pea-meal and oats may be fed.

The hay given them should be of fine stalk and of the choicest quality; but in its place may be substituted once or twice a week, for a single foddering, oat or barley straw. If the lambs are thus provided through the winter, and have the benefit of warm shelter, their size at shearing time will equal the majority of two-year olds, whose treatment has been only ordinary.—*Morrell.*

TO PREVENT INJURY BY MICE.—I observe complaints of a large amount of fruit trees being killed by mice working under the snow. I would suggest that trampling the snow hard around the tree, would be a sure preventive. A large snow bank saved a fine lot of young peach trees for one of my neighbors, while nearly every peach and plum tree in the country, of any choice variety, were totally killed by the excessive freezing of the past winter.—*Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

THE HORSE,
AND HIS IMPROVEMENT.

Important and necessary as it is to secure the best possible condition, make, and character of both sire and dam, it is not sufficient to insure complete success. In a world where briers, weeds, and poisonous grasses grow spontaneously, and the fruits and grains which support life are grown only by laborious cultivation, eternal vigilance is the price of a good life, and ample sustenance. The first conditions being settled, leave no recess for slumbering. The mare needs constant care. She must be kept in good health and condition—must be fed with care, both as regards quantity and quality; must be sheltered from storms and bad weather—must have exercise and room for recreation, avoiding sudden, violent exertion; must be kept free from the noxious gases of foul and ill-ventilated stables; should be combed and rubbed frequently, and, in short, everything should be done which tends to cultivate and sustain that condition of life, strength, action, and spirit, to be desired in the offspring. The forming animal derives no elements of its being from other source than the mother's system. During gestation, her vital fluid fills the foetal veins, and if, from any depressing or exhausting influence that blood is deficient in vitality, it cannot supply that life and energy, that perfection of development, to the new being which a better condition would impart. Every influence affecting injuriously the mother's health, vitiates the life fountain of the new being; hence the necessity and value of the utmost care and attention during the period of gestation.

All the attention requisite before foaling, is equally important afterwards. In the one case, the fœtus derives its nourishment direct from the blood of the mother; in the next, the foal obtains its sustenance from the milk made from that blood, and it is not less important that the blood be healthy and pure to insure the proper quantity and quality of nutriment to the young animal. For this reason the mare should not be put to hard work soon after foaling, nor, indeed, to severe and constant toil during the time of suckling her young. She should be well fed, and allowed good pasturage, affording both food and room for exercise. An idea that half starved and stunted colts make tough, hardy horses, has long existed among a portion of the farming community; and so opposed is it to all facts, so contrary to all the teachings of reason and philosophy, so absurd in itself, that its very existence is astonishing. When every tissue of the organization is made up from the nutriment taken into the system, and from that only, as every one knows, it is not easy to conceive how those tissues should be better formed if only half supplied with forming materials; yet such has been the idea. And though a few good animals have been raised in this manner, it needs but a moment's thought to decide that they must have been much better if well cared for, and fully fed. Observation, it is thought, will convince any one that such horses are imperfectly developed, are more liable to the encroachments of disease, are wanting in action and spirit, and do not exhibit that symmetry and beauty of form characteristic of well fed animals.

Youatt, who has written much, and scientifically, upon the economy of the horse, says:

"The breeder may depend upon it, that nothing is gained by starving the mother, and stinting the foal at this time. It is the most important period of the life of the horse; and if, from false economy his growth is arrested, his puny form and want of endurance will ever afterwards testify the error that has been committed."

There is no principle of greater importance than the liberal feeding of the foal during the time of his growth, and particularly at the time of weaning. Bruised oats and bran, or other nutritious and easily digestible articles, should form a part of his daily food; and the farmer may be assured that the money is well invested which is expended on the liberal nourishment of the growing colt. With liberal range, he should have good shelter from storms and the inclemencies of the weather. Too often, however, after weaning, he is left to struggle on as he can, and becoming poor and dispirited, may be seen shivering beside a fence, rheum running from his eyes, his rough, shaggy, dirty coat a habitation for vermin, and himself a sad specimen of poverty and misery. Not a great number of such cases may be found at this time, compared with the past; but there is far too much carelessness and inattention to young animals of all kinds. The dictates of humane feeling and the demand of the owner's purse, when understood, will remedy the evil; and reform, in these matters, as in most others, will come from a knowledge of, and reasons for the better way. The agricultural wealth not yet developed, both vegetable and animal, may some day astonish the dull eyes of the present old fogyish portion of young America.

As horses are mainly valuable for their utility to man, it is apparent that the full development of the physical system of the animal is not all that needs to be secured, though that is necessarily the primary department, upon which all else is to be based. The best developed animal might be so vicious as to be entirely valueless; though it is a rule, that development of form and of disposition correspond to each other. Yet, the horse being one of the most intelligent of the animal creation, and easily trained into objectionable as well as desirable habits, it behooves every one having the care of young horses and colts, to guard carefully the influences brought to bear upon their disposition. The usual custom throughout the West has been to let them run wild almost, until three or four years old, and then put them through—not a regular system of "breaking"—but such exercises as the disposition of the master might dictate at the moment, and which often exhibited far more of the spleen and irritability, impatience and violence of temper of the man, than of care for the horse. Almost the first experience of life the colt gets, after he has learned the use of his legs, is a pelting with small stones, clods, sticks, or switches, from mischievous boys, who delight in his infantile antics, which teaches him to avoid his persecutors; and thus, from the first, he learns to look upon man as an enemy, to be dreaded and avoided, while evil dispositions to kick, strike, &c., and ill-nature generally, are forced upon him. Age and strength accumulate, and with them ill-treatment, (for the amusement of its masters it may be, or by virtue of their thoughtless disregard of causes and effects,) until, when large and old enough to become serviceable, the difficult and dangerous process of "breaking" becomes necessary. And it too often happens, that when this is well done, as all admit it should be, the horse is really broken, and has lost all that spirit and nobleness so much admired in this truly noble animal. The whole idea of "breaking" implies, in fact, a necessary evil, and is part of the same philosophy which once made our school-houses depositories of birch and theatres of tragic cruelty; a philosophy which, thanks to enlightened progress, is rapidly passing away.

The colt should be accustomed to kindness, and gentle, yet firm handling, from the first, and in this manner learn perfect obedience to his master's will. The halter may, indeed should be, placed upon him when quite young, and he should learn to be guided by it in any direction, and with ease; and as he grows up, one lesson after another may be added, as the owner's wishes or fancy may dictate, until, when the time comes that his services are demanded, he is ready trained for the service, educated in the way he should go, and will walk therein. The whole process should be one of careful avoidance of influences tending to create bad habits, teaching the animal what it will be required to know, before that requisition comes, and by education supersede the necessity for the unphilosophical, and often brutal "breaking."

The advantage of careful training during growth, are many and important. It affords the best possible means of developing the animal in every respect; keeps him under the constant care of the owner, and induces him to think and reason upon what he does,—creates a sympathy, so to term it, between them, which elevates the character of both. It prevents the vicious habits usually engendered from carelessness of the owner, and which cannot always be eradicated, and avoids the cruelty and abuse of "breaking." The horse may be made tractable, reliable, and safe, without having his energy and spirit crushed out of him; and he may be noble, active and proud in his movements, without being restive, irritable and treacherous, and, as a consequence, will be more easily kept in fine condition and good health. It is only a continuation of the principles of breeding, extended to the full development of the animal, here advocated; and, while all cannot be equally successful in this, as in any other of the pursuits of life, all will be more successful, and richly rewarded for their efforts to attain it. The principal reasons for the general untrained character of horses, seems to be the lack of any systematic effort at training, and the uncontrolled passions of those who have the handling and care of horses. It is no uncommon thing to see angry bipeds venting their passion upon unoffending animals, as the most convenient recipient of their ire. And such scenes are not confined to the street, the highway, or the farm; but are found in all. The effects are mischievous, and ruinous to the best interests of the owner, because injuring and depreciating in value his property in the market.—Horse education, really, is a marketable commodity, and may be, indeed always is, estimated in dollars and cents.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

BOTTS IN HORSES.—Farmers, generally, have the idea that "the Botts," with which they imagine their horses so frequently afflicted, is a *disease.* And so deeply settled is the conviction to this effect that it would, perhaps, be hard to persuade some of them that such is not the case. Here are the remarks of the President of the Canadian Agricultural Association, Baron de Longueil, on the subject, in his Annual Address:

"In the latter part of the summer the gadfly may be observed very active about the horse, darting with great rapidity towards him and depositing its eggs on all parts that can easily be reached by the animal with his mouth. These eggs, when licked by the horse, burst, and a small worm escapes, which adheres to the tongue, and is conveyed to the stomach with the food; by means of a small hook, it there clings with a very firm hold to the cuticular coat of that organ, and remains feeding on the mucus during the winter and spring, when having attained considerable size, it becomes detached, and is evacuated by the horse. This being the true history of the bott, you may perceive they can give the animal no pain, as they are fastened to the insensible coat of the stomach. They cannot be injurious, as a horse in the highest health may have his stomach filled with them, and their presence not even suspected till they are evacuated. They cannot be moved by medicine which it would be safe to give a horse, because they are not in a part where medicine could reach them, and if they were, have their mouths too deeply buried in the mucus for it to affect them. And lastly, of the many hundreds of horses dissected at the Veterinary Colleges in London and Paris, no horse has ever yet been found injured by the botts. The wisest thing, therefore, in this case, is to let the horse alone, and allow the botts to pass off themselves."

THE VIOLIN.—Slow and tender melodies, confided too often now-a-days to wind instruments, are nevertheless never better rendered than by a mass of violins. Nothing can equal the touching sweetness of a score of first strings made to sing by twenty well-skilled bows. That is, in fact, the true female voice of the orchestra—a voice at once passionate and chaste, heart-rending, yet soft; which can weep, sigh and lament, chant, pray and muse, or burst into joyous accents, as none other can do. An imperceptible movement of the arm, an almost unconscious sentiment on the part of him who experiences it, producing scarcely any apparent effect when executed by a single violin, shall, when multiplied by a number of them in unison, give forth enchanting gradation, irresistible impulse, and accents which penetrate to the very heart's core.—*Hector Berlioz.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 60 letters.

My 20, 41, 40, 55, 31, 21, 59, was the founder of Greece.
My 57, 48, 39, 12, 34, 58, was the founder of Thebes.
My 23, 20, 12, 2, 14, was a poet born in the year 900 B. C.
My 4, 29, 13, 59, was a Greek philosopher.
My 59, 10, 8, 19, 19, was a lawgiver of Athens.
My 13, 50, 7, 31, 22, was the founder of Assyria.
My 6, 13, 53, 2, 26, 13, 2, 12, 29, 41, was one of the principal states of Greece.
My 27, 22, 44, 50, 60, 52, 36, 39, 30, was one of the principal men of Greece.
My 6, 31, 22, 53, 56, 12, 13, 19, 20, 5, is a division of Tartary.
My 8, 5, 17, 53, 15, is a city in Arabia.
My 59, 31, 22, 27, 17, is a town in India.
My 30, 58, 27, 53, 3, is a town in the island of Niphon.
My 7, 9, 6, 19, 60, 59, 58, 35, is a town in China.
My 58, 12, 20, 9, 48, is a lady's name.
My 5, 36, 36, 44, 59, 53, 41, is a county in Vermont.
My 4, 8, 31, 26, is one of the seven colors.
My 40, 51, 37, 55, 55, 5, is one of the grand divisions.
My 1, 10, is a preposition.
My 15, 53, 40, 6, 9, is what all persons ought to read.
My 2, 3, 19, 26, 43, is a gentleman's name.
My 58, 59, 35, 20, 27, is a county in Michigan.
My 52, 58, 55, 48, 30, 2, 5, was an Indian chief.
My 31, 21, 6, 18, 30, 21, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 9, 13, 55, 33, 24, 40, is a county in Florida.
My 6, 54, 21, is a county in Georgia.
My 1, 5, 8, 8, 13, 17, 27, 47, 35, 56, 20, 50, is a county in Mississippi.
My 25, 40, 6, 10, 4, 34, 50, 33, 6, is a county in Mississippi.
My 1, 3, 19, 59, 10, 38, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 22, 54, 53, 57, 50, 4, 10, 10, 21, 28, is a parish in Louisiana.
My 39, 46, 8, 23, 20, is a county in Iowa.
My 20, 30, 40, is a county in Iowa.
My 59, 40, 12, 9, 53, 55, 40, 25, 42, is a city in Tartary.
My 55, 18, 11, 23, 50, 38, is a berry that grows in Arabia.
My 16, 27, 12, 5, is a county in Iowa.
My 8, 5, 29, 40, 48, 54, 60, 1, is a county in Missouri.
My 34, 21, 20, 18, 45, is a county in Iowa.
My 55, 8, 44, 41, 1, 18, 43, is a county in Missouri.
My whole is the name of a battle and the time it was fought. C. A. H.

Blue-bell.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.
My 4, 22, 16, 14, 7, 5, is a kind of musical composition.
My 25, 3, 40, 11, 30, 23, is a musical term.
My 34, 45, 8, is a note of the diatonic scale.
My 42, 46, 24, 30, 40, is a musical term signifying the first or leading part.
My 10, 38, 26, 44, 33, 2, 3, 31, 43, is a musical term.
My 18, 17, 19, 20, 4, 28, 40, 34, 43, is a musical term signifying in a grand style.
My 16, 43, 46, 31, 9, 29, 7, 12, signifies a beat or tremulous shake.
My 21, 40, 11, 45, 36, 4, 43, signifies a gradual dying away of the sound.
My 36, 13, 6, 41, 27, 14, 40, is a musical term.
My 26, 39, is a note of the gamut.
My 37, 3, 24, 42, 2, 43, 30, 45, is a kind of music.
My 22, 13, 26, 14, 40, is part of a chorus.
My 7, 40, 35, 42, 6, 12, is one of the beats of quadruple time.
My whole was a celebrated musician. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 5, 13, 1, 15, 14, 8, 3, 10, 5, 13, 1, 14, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 15, 9, 10, is a county in Virginia.
My 1, 7, 8, 12, 5, 4, 16, 3, 6, 9, 11, 9, is a county in Arkansas.
My 3, 14, 8, 4, is a county in Georgia.
My 1, 7, 2, 1, 14, 2, 14, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 13, 14, 16, 15, is a county in Georgia.
My 16, 14, 11, 15, 12, 2, 9, is a county in Missouri.
My 8, 14, 16, 12, is a county in Alabama.
My 11, 16, 1, 10, 11, 13, is a county in Georgia.
My 13, 6, 10, 2, is a county in Missouri.
My 11, 6, 11, 1, 15, is a county in Maryland.
My 2, 14, 7, 6, is a county in Wisconsin.
My 14, 16, 15, 9, 10, is a county in Ohio.
My 2, 14, 5, 16, is a county in California.
My whole is a noble relic dear to the heart of every American. GAHMEW

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a much used verb.
My second reversed is a noun;
My whole, if you think, you'll observe,
Was a general of renown.

New York. NEL

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The traveller on his weary way,
As he his onward journey goes;
Seeks my *first* wherewith to stay,
And give his aching limbs repose.

My *second* is used as a drain,
My *third* signifies state of being:
In time of war my *whole's* a restrain,
To prevent an enemy from seeing

C

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My first is a river in North Carolina
My second is an industrious insect.
My third is an interjection.
My whole is a gulf in Europe. M

Hornby, Steuben Co., N. Y.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING P

A tree 100 feet high stands on a side hill; it is bro[ken] a wind, and one end resting on the stump, the [other] strikes the ground at a distance from the foot of th[e tree] equal to forty feet, and the angles made with the pl[ane of] the hill and the upright part by the falling part are [equal.] Required the slope of the hill, and where the tree b[roke.]

Wayne Co., N. Y. T. A

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT IS A PAWNBR

A chess-player who check-mates [his opponent] of a "pawn."

For what purpose is he established? He sets up [in the] world for the purpose of plundering the people [who] *set down* as it.

Does he give any entertainment in honor of h[is] Yes; *three balls!*

No dinners? None; with him it is [all] round.

In what respect is he theatrical? Why, he is [a] manager, and his private boxes are continually occ[upied.]

What does he lend money upon? Upon undoubt[ed] curity.

Personal security? So personal that no person leaves a loan beyond the twelvemonth is ever likely [to see] it again.

How does he up[hold] all known principles of soldi[ership?] Because he is the *veriest* in which you obtain the adv[ance.]

What does he allow? He allows you, under the [most] circumstances of a *fair* advance, the privilege of exclai[ming,] "That's the ticket."

What does he not allow? He never allows you to plead yourself, your honor, your character, or your reputati[on] these being articles of no value in his estimation.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Miss Mary Ann [Ja]ner Dodd. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Mount[ain] non University. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—[Ju]cius Tullius Cicero. CHARADE—Portugal (Portu-gal.) CHARADE—Bird-lime. CHARADE—[Cat]-tle. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—A paid $5401, B paid $72 235. C paid $126 091, and D paid $89 809.

WASHINGTON IDOLIZED.—"Did you know that Washington had been placed in the calendar of saints? There is a church at Rivas, over the principal portal of which is a very well executed bust of the leader of the American Revolution; and, on inquiry of a native of the town, I was informed that it was a bust of the "great George Washington." I confess, as I passed this church I felt like taking off and did it—not because of custom, but I couldn't help it."—*Nicaragua Herald.*